LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVII No. 435. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1914 ONE PENNY

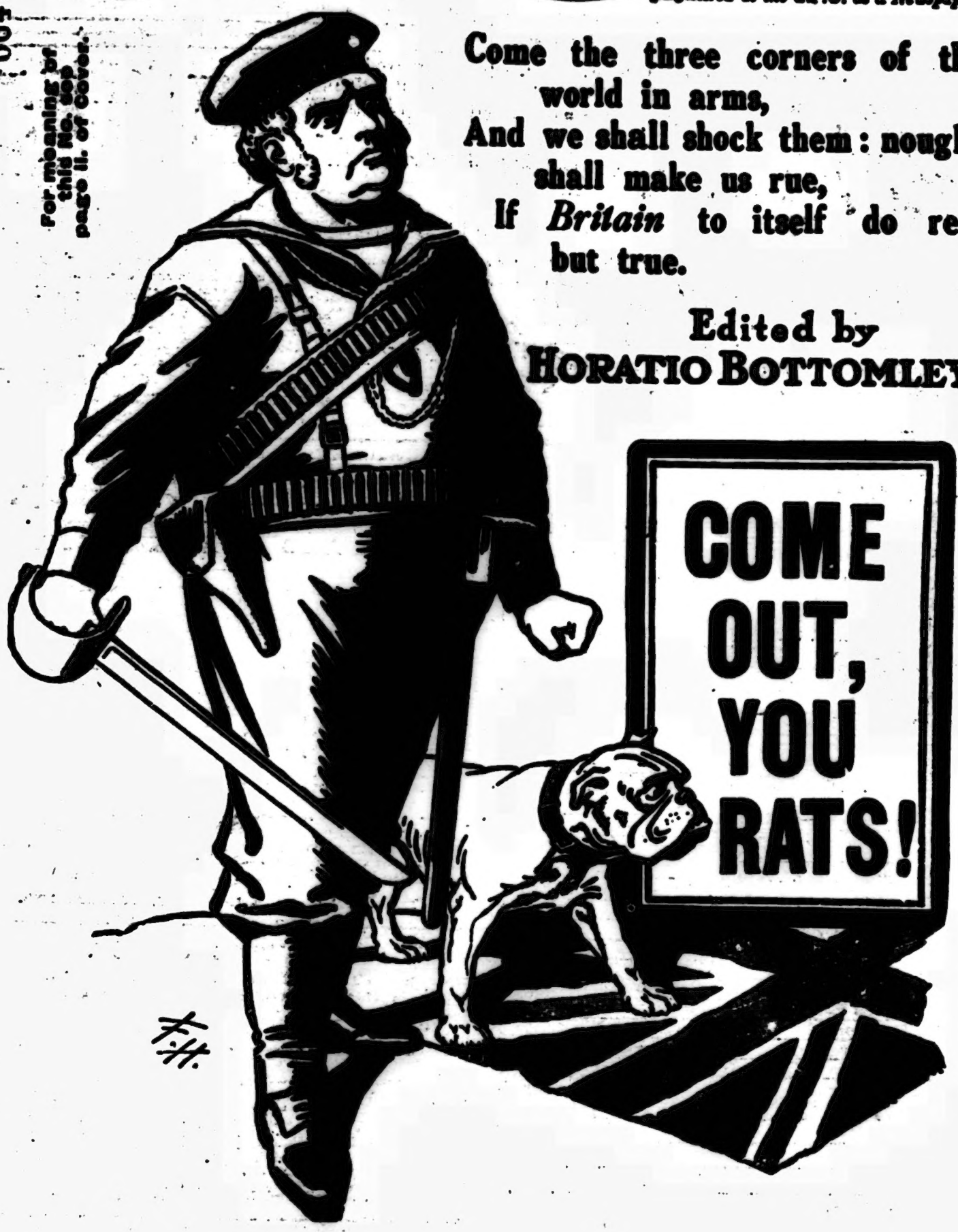
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

664735

For meaning of this No. see page ii. of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.



WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following correct claims have been received:—

ROBERT BROWN, c.o. Mrs. Balmer, 147, Howden Road, North Shields. September 5. 251,787.

G. S. KEEN, 11, Ramsey Street, Moston, Manchester. August 22. 161,929.

J. HAMMETT, 91, St. Olive's House, Walnut Tree Walk, Lambeth, S.E. September 12. 663,153.

THOMAS DOBBIE, 15, Westbourne Road, Handsworth, Birmingham. September 5. 455,909.

JOHN HOLLAND-BURTON, Rossett, N. Wrexham. September 5. 334,572

W. DRUCE, Town Hall, Leyton. August 22. 584,579.

E. M. HALE, 168, Park Road, Liverpool. September 5th. 194,661.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of September 26th:—

006270	167084	378593	615471	839248
013766	180926	385772	629384	852175
039713	197684	411068	642419	872059
054551	235272	423878	672748	890462
071684	241725	471246	684833	914326
082546	270668	490115	712196	937811
094800	283411	510738	737536	969918
115602	310215	540792	750191	A00.334
132699	339858	567421	789621	A027568
151465	366527	582714	829610	A063219

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published October 7th).

FOOTBALLERS!

Buy next Saturday's

½D **FOOTBALL SUN** ½D

The only paper published in Greater London giving Saturday's Results and Reports.

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JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. October 3, 1914.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

FIRST READ THIS. If you predict the "Home" Team will win put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Oct. 17th.

HOME.	AWAY.	DR. W.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Middlesbro'	v.	Newcastle
			Aston Villa	v.	Burnley
			Bradford	v.	Chelsea
			Manchester U.	v.	W. Bromwich
			Bolton Wanderers	v.	Sheffield W.
			Notts. C.	v.	Manchester C.
			Leicester F.	v.	Notts F.
			Barnsley	v.	Preston N. E.
			Glossop	v.	Bury
			Wolver. W.	v.	Bristol
			Fulham	v.	Huddersfield T.
			Hull C.	v.	Birmingham
			Clapton O.	v.	Derby C.
			Luton T.	v.	Exeter C.
			Swindon	v.	Brighton & H.
			Millwall	v.	West Ham
			Bristol R.	v.	Plymouth A.
			Croydon C.	v.	Watford
			Reading	v.	Northampton
			Southampton	v.	Crystal Palace

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition according with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

4 *Address* .....

.....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column, if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 58, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest, No. 4, and post to reach us not later than Friday, October 16th.

3. The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the *Sporting Life*, of all the matches given played to a finish on October 17th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £100 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct Forecasts whatever the number; and £25 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from *Mary Bull*. If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,000, or the £100, the *Mary Bull* prize will be awarded to the sender of the next most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1000, the £100 as well as the special £25 mauve coupon Prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

THE CLOSING DATE IS FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.	H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Middlesbro' v. Newcastle				Fulham v. Huddersfield T.
			Aston Villa v. Burnley				Hull C. v. Birmingham.
			Bradford v. Chelsea				Clapton O. v. Derby C.
			Manchester U. v. W. Brom.				Luton T. v. Exeter C.
			Bolton W. v. Sheffield W.				Swindon v. Brighton & H.
			Notts C. v. Manchester C.				Millwall v. West Ham
			Leicester F. v. Notts F.				Bristol R. v. Plymouth A.
			Barnsley v. Preston N. E.				Croydon C. v. Watford
			Glossop v. Bury				Reading v. Northampton
			Wolver. W. v. Bristol C.				Southampton v. Crystal P.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVII. No. 435. Week ending Saturday, October 3rd, 1914. One Penny.

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Mr. BOTTOMLEY'S
GREAT SPEECH
Delivered at the
LONDON OPERA HOUSE
On MONDAY, SEPT. 14th.

ONE PENNY. Or by post of Messrs. ODHAMS Ltd., 93, Long Acre, W.C., Threehalfpence.

£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for SEPT. 26th. 1914. bearing on its Cover the Number 815,028.
Apply THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Too Previous!

It was unfortunate for Mr. Churchill's reputation as a prophet that the day after he had declared that we would "dig the German fleet out of port like rats from a hole," it should have sent out some of its submarine craft and sunk three of our cruisers to the bottom of the sea! But it will be all right in the end. Meanwhile, we would suggest that there is more than one way of dealing with rats in their holes. One method, for instance, is to poison them; and then there is the simple plan which led to the historical rejoinder of the late Lady Hawkins. A series of mines covering the outlets of the Kiel Canal would do the trick.

Haldane's Confession.

"When I went to the War Office," says Lord Haldane, "I was a layman who scarcely knew the distinction between a battalion and a brigade." Why didn't he say so at the time?

Such is Fame!

(*Overheard in the street*): JONES: I went to the Opera House the other night to hear the great Horatio.

BROWN: Are you fond of opera?

Ramsay, the Ridiculous.

Having committed parliamentary suicide, in preference to being ignominiously kicked out by the Labour party, Ramsay Macdonald, Leicester's egregious M.P., and late Non-Unionist School Teacher, has joined hands with two or three cranks—we do not say "other cranks," because Ramsay knows what he is about—to educate the British public upon the wickedness of the present war. Ramsay's proper place is in the nearest duck-pond.

"By Any Other Name——"

"If there is any substance," says Mr. *Truth*, "in the stuff which is talked about a Business Government"—not a very polite way of putting it—"the administration of the British South Africa Company ought to be free from the faults and infirmities which are supposed to be peculiar to our political system." May we respectfully point out to our distinguished confrère that you do not make a Business Government by simply calling it a Company? There are such things as "chartered" libertines.

That Stock Exchange Committee!

Many members of the "House" have called our attention to the fact that whilst their unfortunate brethren and clerks are unable to get a penny from the benevolent fund, the Committee is spending hundreds of pounds in redecorating the Exchange. We suppose *Truth* would say that this is another illustration of "the stuff that is talked about a Business Government"!

A Sly Dig.

And before we put down our copy of *Truth*, may we ask the exact meaning of the statement that a certain colonel, recently deceased, retired from Parliament in 1895, "*when* he was regarded as one of the most popular men who ever sat for the borough"? A pity his popularity began so late in his career!

Advertisement from "The Times."

> CONTINENT.—I will fetch your relatives from any part of the Continent and convey messages. No delay. Strictest confidence. If I can't, nobody can. —Messenger, 34, Balmoral Road, Willesden Green.

King George ought to give "Messenger" a commission to fetch cousin Wilhelm II. over here, with the "message" that the King and Country want him.

A Fact.

Jan Stone (a Cornish character) walked into a blacksmith's shop the other day and said: "Well, how's the war going on?" Someone replied that the English "were driving the Germans back."

"*Driving* them back," he cried. "Why the Devil don't they make the scoundrels *walk*?"

Who Shall Pay?

Later on we shall have our say as to the best method of raising money to meet the expense of the war—apart from whatever indemnity we may get from the Germans. Meanwhile, in order that the politicians may think about it, we throw out the hint that this is essentially a case in which posterity should be asked to foot a considerable portion of the bill. It is a long time since posterity did anything for us!

New Names for Old.

After St. Petersburg, Potsdam. Why not Damspot?

Another £1,000 for a Football forecast this week. See page 23.

Funny Us.

Every day brings fresh evidence of the reality of the spy peril, and of the former blindness of the authorities to the intrigues of a crafty and unscrupulous foe. At the Marlborough Street Police Court, Alfred Thielemann, described as a German artist, was recently charged with espionage. Technically, his offence consisted in "being found in possession of photographic apparatus and a military map, without a permit," but in point of fact his possessions were of a much more varied and interesting character than appeared from the charge sheet. They included photographs taken by himself in several of his Majesty's dockyards and along the banks of the Manchester Ship Canal. He pleaded that he had been sent from Germany by the European Lantern Slide Company "to take photographs of docks, harbours and other places in England, and admitted that the results of his labours had been sent regularly to Berlin. For most of this work official permits were necessary, and these he appears to have obtained without the least difficulty. We share the amazement of the Magistrate that "as recently as June and July last a German should have been authoritatively allowed such photographic facilities." Truly, we are an incomprehensible people.

The S. S. F. A.

We are indebted to Sir Thomas Pucknill for a courteous reply to the "Candid Communication" which we recently addressed to him, in relation to the relief afforded by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. In a letter which he had addressed to the Press, we understood Sir Thomas to imply that the Association were prepared to "provide weekly incomes" of from 12s. 6d. to £1 a week for the wives, children, and dependent mothers of soldiers with the Colours, and in our gratification at so apparently generous an offer we urged claimants to write to him for further particulars. It now appears that we had quite accidentally misread the letter, with the result that we gave the Association credit for a greater measure of liberality than their funds could possibly afford. Sir Thomas now explains that the figures named represent the total incomes *from all sources* which recipients will be permitted to enjoy, including, in addition to the Association grant, separation allowance and allotted pay. By the way, since we are on the subject, why does the Association worry applicants with that nasty question about "religious denomination"? However much it may appeal to some folks, it isn't at all in the spirit of Sir Thomas Bucknill's broad humanity.

Extinct Exceptions.

We are glad to learn that the absurd regulation which originally excluded the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands from participation in the National Relief Fund has since been annulled, so that all parts of the United Kingdom are now upon the same footing in relation to the Fund. This, of course, is as it should be, and as it should always have been, and we regret that, even temporarily, the Islanders should have been left "out in the cold." It is to be hoped that their needy ones will now enjoy a full share of the bounty to which their richer neighbours have so liberally subscribed.

A *Real* Jumble Sale.

Our paragraph under this heading last week, suggesting a real jumble sale for the benefit of war sufferers, has brought us many offers of articles of every kind and description—from grand pianos down to basinettes. We will deal further with the subject next week. Meanwhile, let us know what *you* can send.

Why Not?

With the impending expiry of the Moratorium, merchants will be forced to face their liabilities in regard to postponed bills, and a new phase of the commercial crisis will have opened. We have a good deal of sympathy with traders who hold bills backed by German firms, and it occurs to us that, to the extent of their losses, they have a claim upon the consideration of the Government. Quite literally these securities have become mere "scraps of paper," while the holders will shortly be required to honour their own signatures to the full, except to the extent of their debts to Germany. Obviously, there is no guarantee that things will "pan out" fairly in any single case, yet there must surely be some way out of the difficulty. Why shouldn't the Government accept liability for German acceptances? They could easily recoup themselves later by a slightly increased war indemnity. Think it over!

Exploits of the *Emden*.

The exploits of the Germhun cruiser *Emden* will cost the underwriters £750,000. It apparently deserves all credit for a brilliant coup. How it came about that a warship of the enemy should, after intercepting the messages announcing the departure of the five merchantmen, suddenly appear in a local water like the Bay of Bengal and surprise, attack and sink them over a space of three or four days without any British warship knowing anything of what was going on, is surely a curious state of things; though we admit that accidents will happen even in the best regulated navies. Another curious fact is that the loss of these vessels was posted up in Lloyd's several days before the naval censor passed the news for publication.

Returned, without Thanks!

Evidently the shine of the gold sent in to the Prince of Wales' fund does not blind the Royal eye to the doings of the donors. We hear of one leading West End firm which had its £500 returned when it was learned that immediately after sending it they dismissed 150 hands, while boasting that they kept the staff intact. Other firms have played the same game, and it would not be amiss if an official black list were published; failing this, we shall have to see if we can supply "the long-felt want." A couple of offenders are reported to have been deprived of their Royal warrants. This is as it should be.

Ware Wool!

A little Barnes girl of eight years—full of sympathy for our brave troops, and eager to add to their comforts—recently purchased out of her pocket money from a local shopkeeper a few skeins of wool, for the purpose of making comforters for "Tommy." Imagine the disgust of her mother—the child herself hardly understood—to discover on the skeins a small label bearing the words "Squirrel Brand. Made in Germany"! It cannot be said in excuse for the shopkeeper that she had purchased the wool before the outbreak of the war, as, until the recent wide demand by patriotic members of the gentler sex, she had never stocked it.

Another Fund Wanted.

Whilst we all welcome the Prince of Wales' Fund for the relief of distress amongst the families and dependents of our soldiers and sailors, what about the immense army belonging to the "lower middle-class" thrown out of employment owing to the war, and by whom a helping hand is sorely needed? We could give details of many heartrending cases. Now then, Messrs. Carnegie, Brunner, Mond & Co.! After all, it is by the work of this class that much of your wealth has been accumulated!

Result of our No. 2 Football Contest. See page 23.

A Silly Practice.

Surely patriotic women can find some more rational outlet for their enthusiasm than the distribution of white feathers among men who, in their uninformed judgment, "ought to be at the Front." The odious imputation is sometimes cruel and often wholly undeserved. In one instance, a young fellow, in an advanced stage of consumption, meekly allowed himself to be invested with the badge of cowardice. "Had she only known," he said, afterwards, "I have been fighting *my* battle for nearly three years." In another case, an Army officer, retired as recently as last December, received a bit of white fluff through the post, anonymously of course. "I think I am hardly a fair target," he writes, "after having served in all the God-forsaken outposts of Empire for nearly a quarter of a century, and after having three times in as many weeks asked to be sent out in any capacity to the Front." Scarcely fair, was it? These random shafts so often miss their mark.

As You Were.

In our issue of September 5th we made reference to a "Navy League Dinner" which was served at one of our leading hotels by German waiters, and at which speeches were made by well-known naval officers in the presence of these aliens. The Navy League inform us that they have never held such a dinner, and upon consulting our informant, an English waiter at the same hotel, we find the function was known as the "Navy Club Dinner." We are glad to put this little matter straight, and we have forwarded to the Secretary of the Navy League particulars as to where and when the dinner was held, in order that he and his powerful League may be the means of obviating such a grave error of allowing servants, be they British or aliens, to be present in a room when naval subjects of vital interest to the nation are being discussed.

A Pill for Peacock.

Now that Captain Schlagentweit, formerly German Consul at Manchester, has been made a prisoner of war, his old friends and neighbours are tracing new significance in certain episodes of his public career. At a forthcoming meeting of the City Council, Councillor H. Ross-Clyne will move, "That this Council requests the Home Office to hold forthwith a public inquiry into the Manchester Police administration, and particularly into the nature of the relationship formerly subsisting between the German Consul, the Chief Constable, and the Chairman of the Watch Committee," and that "the War Office and the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster be asked to support this request for a public inquiry." It all sounds very interesting, and we shall eagerly await the upshot of the matter.

A Billeting Scandal.

Complaints reach us from many men on active service, both afloat and ashore, respecting the billeting of soldiers upon their little homes. As, in many cases, the wife is entirely alone in the house, save for the children, it is felt that more discretion ought to be exercised by the authorities in the matter. Undoubtedly, in time of war, the right to billet the troops is one which cannot be dispensed with, but an effort should surely be made to respect the homes of those who are already doing their part on either sea or land. And then there is the other grievance of the wholesale eviction from married quarters of wives left behind.

Our Battle Cry.

The demand for the full report of our Opera House speech shows no abatement. Have *you* distributed a few copies amongst your friends?

To Rent Payers.

Our recent article "Food Before Rent" has been widely appreciated, and in view of certain difficulties which have arisen in the administration of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, we may return to the subject in an early issue. Meanwhile, there is a point of some importance which should at once be made clear. A man who *since August 4th* has become the tenant of a house rented at £50 a year, or more, cannot claim the benefit of the Act's provisions in regard to distress and the recovery of rent. Apart from this single exception, the Act is of general application, wholly irrespective of the amount of rent payable or of the date at which the tenancy commenced. The proviso to which we now refer escaped mention in our original article, which was chiefly directed to the position of the poorer section of the community. A man who, in these troublous times, accepts a tenancy at £50 a year, or more, must "take his gruel" if he should fail to pay. The law presumes that he can pay it.

Germans for British Juries.

A German who has lived in this country for many years—described to us by our informant as "a respectable, decent fellow," as for all we know to the contrary he may be—was so contented with his lot that he did not "bother" about getting naturalised. When the war broke out he had to register and keep within a five-mile limit. One day he received a summons to attend at the Old Bailey as a juryman. His solicitor appeared and explained that he could not come, as the court was beyond the registered limit, but was told blandly that his German client would have to obey the summons nevertheless, or there would be another brew of trouble. To cut the story short, he appeared, was sworn, and served as a juryman, to judge British citizens in the name of our country and our King! One of the many things to be arranged after the war is all-British juries for Britons.

Not a Word!

All things considered, we are not at all astonished that the deputation of ardent Radical M.P.s—some forty or more—who waited on Mr. Asquith a week before Christmas last to protest against any further expenditure on naval armaments are now as quiet as mice. The dear, kind, inoffensive old Vaterland seems to have struck them all dumb, for to do them justice they never believed that anybody so nice could be so nasty. We will throw no bricks; we will call no names; we will merely remark that we are glad they did not, and do not, govern this country.

A Word with the M.C.C.

No, *not* the Cricket Club, but the Middlesex County Council. Why is it forbidding Sunday cinema shows, even when the proprietors are proposing to devote a large portion of the receipts to the War Fund? Is Sabbatarian piety to come before the claims of the families of those who are risking their lives for the country? No such stupid policy is in vogue within the jurisdiction of the L.C.C., and we earnestly plead with the Middlesex authority for a wider and more human recognition of the spirit of the times.

That Postal Order Again.

The Government may talk until they are black in the face about postal orders being legal tender; there are many tradesmen who do not care a straw what the Government says. In other words, they point-blank refuse to supply goods for postal orders presented over their counters. A stop should be at once put to this scandal by making an example of someone. The Treasury may have the names of the witnesses in certain cases, *if* they decide to move.

Don't forget the Pen Coupon. See page 2 of Cover.

O, GOD OF BATTLES!

OUR STAR OF DESTINY—WHAT THE CHURCHES SHOULD BE SAYING—NO MERCY FOR THE BERLIN BUTCHER.

Last week we were compelled by force of circumstances, and very much against our inclination, to revert to the old and nauseating subject of Party Politics; and we are not without hope that our words have had a good effect.

To-day we return to the one great topic of the world—the epoch-making struggle in which we are engaged with the Butcher of Berlin and his slaughtermen. And, at the risk of being further misunderstood, we shall express our faith—firm and immovable—in God's decree and providence. Not, it is true, the personal, puny God of orthodox creeds, but the infinite Deity of the Universe—the unknown, unknowable, incomprehensible Beginning and End of Everything—the Godhead Infinite, Boundless and Everlasting. We know that in speaking thus we expose ourselves to criticism and to ridicule—or, where our sincerity is doubted, to abuse and contempt. But that does not matter. Our sincerity we shall not stay to defend, beyond remarking that the man who in these days could use the name of God, and all that it connotes; in any spirit other than one of reverence and awe, is deliberately calling down upon his head the wrath of Heaven and the abhorrence of Mankind. But do not let it be thought that we have "got religion." We reiterate what we said to the Bradlaugh Fellowship in regard to the impenetrability by our finite vision of the Great Mystery of Things. And we agree with Colonel Ingersoll that "no man has gone beyond the horizon of the natural. As to the supernatural, one man knows just as much and just as little as another. On this subject, Chimpanzees and Cardinals, Apes and Popes, stand upon a footing of perfect equality. The smallest microbe that can be seen by the aid of the most powerful microscope has as much actual knowledge on the point as the greatest genius the world has ever produced."

Yes, we agree with all that, but *still* we invoke the name of God—the God of Battles—to our aid in this, the hour of Britain's anguish. And we shall not be deterred even though the *Freethinker*—which, with the *Christian World*, we regularly read—and the *New Age* and other journals tell us that we are running the Kaiser close in "working the pious lay." Piety is not in our line. As our relative, the late George Jacob Holyoake, used to say, we prefer the Piety of usefulness to the usefulness of Piety. But we shall continue to use the word until we can find a better one. With us it signifies the X of the Universe—the originating, vitalising, restoring, ruling Force, whence flow all Life and Destiny. If, in orthodox fashion, mankind clothe it with the form of man, that is because they *are* men, and, in the depths of their conceit, can think of nothing nobler. For ourselves, we *dare* not give it form; when we can do that we shall have half lifted the veil. We are content to wait. After all, the world is very young. Call it a thousand million years of age, if you will—what is that to Eternity? And what of the Eternity which preceded it? No, we will give it up. We will recognise the fact that our poor head is not up to the task of grasping the problem—and will shelter ourselves in God. And if we speak of "Him" and "He" it is simply because that is the only way in which we can express our conception of the highest embodiment of Being—directing our lives, and the lives of all the Peoples and all the Worlds, in the infinite Past, the fleeting Present and the eternal Future. He is directing the bloody battle of the nations now raging, which *must* end in accordance with a Destiny written on the skies for all mankind to read.

The Star of Destiny.

Look, and you will see the star, halting above the gates of Potsdam, where, at the portals of its sacred city, Kaiserdom awaits its doom. *Perdere vult*—and in the ordained counsels of cosmic evolution, the death-warrant of the impious Teuton is already signed. In the mysterious co-partnership of the Great Plan, it remains for the edict of this Destiny to be sealed in human blood; and when, in due season, the hour of final doom is fixed, it will be left to human hands to wreak the vengeance of the Omnipotent, and to punish the vile blasphemies of the Berlin Butcher. This, of course, is what the parsons ought to be telling us. But they are too busy with our manners and morals! Let us refer again to the *Christian World*. When the first of our brave troops were getting off to the front, a representative of that journal was apparently sent round to the London railway stations upon about as mean an errand as can be conceived. At one of them he noticed that some of the soldiers had had a glass of beer "too much." The hideous spectacle stirred the depths of his shrivelled soul; and in the very next issue the stupendous tragedy of the thing lent slanderous eloquence to the editorial pen! Such was that journal's contribution to the elucidation of events which are shaking the structure of civilisation to its base, and convulsing half the world in an agony of blood and tears! Now let us try to realise the verities of the situation. You must unlearn much that you have already been told, not because it is wholly untrue, but because it is only half the truth, and much the less vital half at that. Forget for a moment all that you have learned of foreign politics, *ententes* and Treaties, and the neutrality of small, independent nations. You have gleaned your notions of these things from the speeches of the Party leaders, and these gentlemen—it is a fault of their training—are not at home with the naked truth. They have told you that you are fighting for a "scrap of paper," and, accepting the implications of the phrase, you have come to believe it. You are content that British blood should be spilt like water in defence of our national honour, and for the vindication of Britain's plighted word. Your loyal acquiescence does you infinite credit, and it is certain that, had naught but her honour been at stake, Britain would as swiftly have drawn the

sword. But had there been no question of Treaty obligation we should have fought for our safety, impelled by the primary instinct of self-preservation. From the moment that the Kaiser spurned our diplomatic overtures, war was as certain as the breaking of the dawn. And now that we are in the thick of the bloody business, in Heaven's name, let us understand what we are at. In our eagerness to turn the cynical phrase of the German Chancellor to moral account, we are in danger of missing the wider significance of the conflict. That world-deafening crash of arms out there on the historic battle-ground of Europe is no mere affair of "honour," sacred as that would have been. Since its inception the whole character of the struggle has been changed. It is a "holy war." There, in North-Western France, within two hundred leagues of our own sheltered homesteads, lies the frontier between civilisation and barbarism, between valiant truth and craven treachery, between the saving ethic of the Galilean and the bestialities of Pagan "culture." This is the mighty truth which must be seared into the soul of every Briton, and of every man worthy of his place in the commonwealth of civilised nations. Away there, in the Low Countries, a mad monarch makes Evil's sport of war, with a mad "philosopher" for his guide. In preparation for his hateful task, William the Damned had steeped himself to the eyes in Nietzschean "philosophy." Make no mistake—the parsons should have told you this—it was the avowed purpose of Nietzsche to depose the Christ idea from the hearts of men and to set up in its place a monstrous, beastly idol of brute-force and pitiless rapine. In the latter years of the last century the "morality" of this demented creature spread its stream of corruption throughout Germany, infecting the "culture" of her Universities and polluting the shrines of her Faith. Meanwhile, the crazy brain of its author had rotted in its own filth. Fifteen years ago he died, a palsied degenerate, in a Prussian madhouse; but he had built worse than he knew. Upon the plains of Belgium the blood-stained sites of a thousand shattered and polluted homesteads bear silent witness to the national acceptance of his Devil's creed.

Why We Invoke the Battle God.

Wherefore we invoke to our aid the God of Battles. Hateful as the task may be, these devilries must be burnt into the imagination of every man and woman in our midst. We have no right to glance at such tales of atrocity, proved beyond cavil, and then, with a weak shudder, refuse to read to the end of the chapter. It is our bounden duty to call up before the eye of imagination the scenes of butchery, rape and rapine which everywhere have marked the progress of the German arms. It may help us a little to remember that, but for the British Fleet, these horrors might have desecrated our own smiling homes. Had the Hardies and the Macdonalds and the Angells had their way with our Navy, that corner where you sit at your ease might have reeked with your children's blood. This is not the language of exaggeration. Close your eyes and picture these things. Is that the wail of a child you hear? Ah, friend, it is that promising boy of yours—the one you were beginning to be so proud of—the one who had all those good qualities—spitted on the bayonet of a blood-drunken German soldier—the little face, that you loved to kiss, tortured in the agony of death. And that slippery mass upon which you stumbled as you ran? Take a long look at it, for you will make nothing of it at first. Ah! you have recognised it now. Out of the hideous mass of severed and bleeding limbs you have reconstructed that curly-haired little prattler at your side, still alive and merry, thank God! for, of course, you are only dreaming; and the Fleet is in the North Sea. But it's a nasty dream, isn't it?—and it isn't quite over yet. You heard that piercing shriek? It was a woman's. The mother of those butchered babes is dearer to you than you knew, and no pen dare dwell upon the meaning of that cry. A daughter, too, perhaps; but enough of the foul spectre. There is a look in your eyes that never was there before. You are only dreaming, or else, though death were your instant portion, you would hurl yourself upon the dastard. Open your eyes now, but keep your sense of consuming wrath. We shall need it yet. The day of vengeance draws nigh. Yes, vengeance; and if the parsons do not like the word they had better black it out of their Bibles. "'Vengeance is Mine,' saith the Lord," and in virtue of that mystic "co-partnership" with finite men of which we spoke just now, it is His will to employ human instruments for its vindication. In its inward and spiritual significance this mighty world conflict means just that. The Devil-God of Nietzsche is at war with the Man-God of Nazareth. Brutal Might wars with Valiant Right. Faith and Freedom battle to the death with Blood and Iron, and the destinies of unborn generations abide the issue of the fight.

No Mercy for the Butcher.

At any moment the craven bully of Potsdam may be on his knees. Like his more heroic attitudes, it will be a pose, but it must be reckoned with. He has staked all upon a gambler's throw, and already he knows that he has lost. The man who has played the knave can play the hypocrite, and the lips that have blasphemously invoked the God of Battles will not scruple to mock the Prince of Peace. He may sue for peace, but there can be no peace—no peace till every slaughtered babe and every outraged woman is avenged in German blood; no peace save on terms of unconditional surrender; no peace except on such conditions as the Allies in their joint wisdom may impose. There shall be no peace till the crimes of Louvain and Rheims are compensated to the full in money, in blood and in kind; no peace till the German Fleet is destroyed or surrendered; no peace till the dishonoured sword of Kaiser Wilhelm is broken across his craven back, and he is driven like Cain of old from the habitations of men. Till then, war to the knife. "The war is not done so long as my enemy lives"—"To-day red, to-morrow dead." Or let the Kaiser's own poet—Haldane's poet!—Schiller, speak for us: "No league is to be made with the brood of the serpent"—"What hands have built, hands can pull down." We must pull down every vestige of the German Empire. In doing so, we need have no qualm—"A God all mercy is a God unjust."

> O, God of Battles! steel our soldiers' hearts,
> Possess them not with fear! Take from them now
> The sense of reckoning, if th' opposed numbers
> Pluck their hearts from them!

God of Battles, hear our prayer!

FORCED RECRUITING BY EMPLOYERS.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED, NOT PRESSED MEN.

Recently Mr. Asquith very properly condemned the forced recruiting practised by some employers on their men. We regret to say that information reaches us that it is still going on. The alternative is being put before young fellows of being permanently deprived of their employment or of joining the Army, while others, applying for situations advertised, are asked to call on the advertiser, who then insults them by saying they ought to be at the war instead of seeking a job; all this without knowing, or apparently caring, anything at all of the circumstances of the individual. It may be that this kind of pressure comes from men comfortably circumstanced, who conscientiously believe that any war in which their country is engaged was specially ordained by Providence for some other fellow to engage in for their benefit. We deprecate this new conscriptive method, seemingly organised by the hard flints of British commercialism. If we are to have conscription or national service, by all means let us have the real thing, organised by the Government.

Willing Warriors.

We want recruits; let them all come; but let them come with high-beating hearts, and strong willing limbs, and unflinching purpose to the sacrificial altars of their country. They are coming in fast, those young men, with the impulse of duty to urge them on, with their temperamental fires heating their blood for combat almost before they are stoked. Not every young man was made for war; many a one would, in the test, do more harm in it than out of it. And, indeed, apart from the sense of physical and temperamental unfitness, what would become of us if all the young manhood of the nation were to flock to the colours? Who would keep going that vast industrial and commercial machine by which we live, even in time of war? To each his task; to each his call; to each his sacrifice. There is no need for conscription; no need for unfair pressure of employers on employed. Example — yes. Stimulation — yes. But not self-constituted press-gangs of prosperous complacence—employers forcing guns and swords into the hands of men as the only alternative to being turned into the streets to starve. This is not German but British jack-bootery, and the free citizen has every right to resent it. Every day London feeds our volunteer armies with a thousand recruits. Every week forty thousand pour in from Britain as a whole. It is the volunteer manhood of the nation and the Empire which is fighting to the death the battles of liberty, civilisation, and humanity across the Channel. It is the volunteer manhood of the nation which is keeping watch and ward on the waters for the protection of our coasts and the inward and outward flow of our overseas commerce. It is the volunteers of the nation who are building up for us on the blood-drenched fields of France a more resplendent glory than ever yet shone on land or sea.

Fight the Good Fight.

This war, so far as our Empire is concerned, is a voluntary war in the cause of honour, of justice, of civilisation, and we believe of righteousness. Not even "a scrap of paper" bound us to the juggernauts of Continental armies. It would have been folly, pusillanimity, and shame if we had closed our eyes to the pa hs of right and our ears to the call of honour, but we could have remained out of the war. We went in as volunteers; in the spirit of volunteers let us fight it to the end. Let us fight it with the resolve that, so far as is within our opportunity, our capacity and our strength, we will equalise the sacrifice and the service. Even the constitutional coward—we do not upbraid him, for he did not make himself—can find a mission, and work at it as never before. Hearts and hands of rich and poor—surely there is not a corner of the land without room for these. What will *you* sacrifice, you young men who stay at home? What will *you* sacrifice, you employers who preach at them, and threaten them, and turn them adrift because they are not khaki-clad and away? For all there is something to do and something to sacrifice in the mills of God now grinding to crush the monstrous and fiendish Power which is seeking to enslave the world.

A PITEOUS PLAINT.

"THOUGH JUSTICE BE THY PLEA, CONSIDER THIS!"

A reader who, upon offering himself for enlistment, was rejected by the Army Surgeons on the ground of defective sight, finds himself in a most distressing plight. His calling is that of a "larder chef," and, shortly before the outbreak of war, he was advised to apply for a situation at the Grand Hotel, Scarborough. Though in very "low water" at the time, he paid his own expenses from London to Scarborough and managed to secure the vacant position. Ten days later the war broke out, and the poor fellow, in common with many other members of the hotel staff, received instant notice of dismissal. He went to Whitby and there obtained another situation, but the seaside hotels were hard hit, and two days later he was again cast adrift. The blow was disastrous, for the unhappy man had spent all his spare cash upon his journey North and upon equipping himself for his new appointment. In these circumstances, he returned to Scarborough and appealed to the Manager of the Grand Hotel for a little extra consideration. After hanging around for several hours he secured an interview with this gentleman, only to meet with a blank refusal. The Manager had no funds for purposes of charity, and he apparently recognised no obligation towards the applicant, even to the extent of paying his return fare to London. Ultimately, however, a loan of 25s. was arranged upon the security of certain papers in the borrower's possession, including a number of testimonials and a French passport.

After discharging a few small debts in Scarborough, our friend had just enough money left for his return fare, and he arrived in London without a cent to his name. From King's Cross he walked to Knightsbridge, where he was able to obtain temporary shelter. Next day he started tramping in search of work, but all his references were in the hands of the Scarborough Manager, and he was thus fatally handicapped in the scramble for employment. Finally, realising the hopelessness of his quest, he appealed to the Manager to return his testimonials, without which, he feared, it would be impossible for him to obtain the means of discharging his debt, or, indeed, of common livelihood. The request was promptly refused.

In all the circumstances we venture to appeal to the Manager to reconsider his attitude, endeavouring, if he can, to put himself "in the other man's shoes." Without references as to his character and ability the poor fellow's position would be difficult at any time, and, in the present state of affairs, it has become desperate. We believe that he is anxious honourably to discharge his debt.

SERMONS AT 8¾d.

OUSTON'S ODD OFFER.

When next our readers are being thrilled by the eloquence in the pulpit of their favourite preacher, let them make sure, before going into ecstasies, that he is not a customer of Mr. H. J. Ouston, of 43, Page Street, Westminster, S.W. Mr. Ouston is offering to supply to the clergy sermons for one shilling each retail, or 52 for 30s., 16 for 16s., 13 for 9s., spread over so many weeks. At the latter figure, each sermon would work out at about 8¾d., the price of a yard of ribbon. These sermons are "written by a well-known preacher, who is in much request throughout the country," and if one does not wish to buy one of stock-size, special essays in that line for Sunday School Festivals, Home or Foreign Missions, Hospitals, etc., etc., will be supplied at a shilling apiece, "cheques or postal orders, not stamps." Mr. Ouston is careful to assure prospective customers that "the names and addresses of subscribers are treated as absolutely confidential, and are only known to himself," but he does *not* guarantee that he will refuse to supply identical sermons to several clergymen in the same parish. What if, in the vicar's absence, the curate of Slushton-cum-Mudbury were to preach one of the 8¾d. sermons one Sunday, and the vicar on his return were, unconsciously, to repeat the dose? We have been privileged to peruse one of the works of Mr. Ouston's clients. Its chief merits appear to lie in its extreme brevity; but then what can you expect for 8¾d. net (no stamps)?

£250 again offered for the best "Bullet." See page 24.

CHEAP CRIME.

GERMAN SUSPECTS AT NOTTINGHAM.

Joseph Ling, of 12, Pelham Crescent, The Park, Nottingham, is a "naturalised" British subject of German extraction, a prominent lace merchant, and a well-known figure in the social life of that town. In his employment, at the outset of the War, was a female cook, Matilda Hermann by name, a woman of thirty-three. Hermann, like her master, was a German by birth, and not having been naturalised, she became, with the commencement of hostilities, an alien enemy of the King. As such, she was, of course, required to report herself to the Chief Constable for purposes of registration, but this she failed to do, and Ling, who was doubtless familiar with the requirements of the law, seems to have acquiesced in her neglect of its provisions. Happily the police were on the alert, and, in due course, Ling and his servant were arraigned at the Nottingham Summons Court.

Visionary Visits.

The case was one of importance, and we regret that the bench was not as strong as the occasion might have seemed to demand. The Court was composed of two magistrates, Sir Joseph Bright and Mr. R. H. Swain. The case for the prosecution was presented by the Chief Constable, while an English solicitor, Mr. Parker Woodward, was found to defend the prisoners. For the woman, of course, there could be no escape: she had failed to register and there was an end of the matter. Ling, however, might have secured the benefit of the doubt, but for the stupid cock-and-bull story with which he sought to excuse his neglect. He declared, upon oath, that on inquiry at the Guildhall police office he had been informed that there was no need for registration in the case of a female servant. This crudely improbable story was, of course, completely shattered by the unanimous testimony of the officers concerned. A register of callers kept at the police office bore no trace of the name of Ling, although other inquiries about foreign servants were duly entered. The Chief Constable put into the witness box every policeman who had been at the office at the supposed time of Ling's visit, and each man emphatically disclaimed the least recollection of his inquiries. On the contrary, they swore that the man had for some days prowled round the Guildhall "reminding" the various officers of his imaginary call, and selecting first one and then another as the author of his legendary information. Add to this the inherent unlikelihood of the tale, and it is small wonder that the utmost forensic eloquence of Mr. Parker Woodward failed to secure the prisoner's acquittal. Both were convicted, and in each case a fine of £5 was imposed.

Throwing a Rider.

For the moment, however, we are concerned with the attitude of Sir Joseph Bright. In announcing the decision of the bench, he observed that "had there not been extenuating circumstances in the case, the fine would have been exceedingly heavy." Against this implied condonation of Ling's offence we are bound to enter an emphatic protest. Sir Joseph Bright had no right to vitiate the judgment of the bench by a mischievous and misleading rider. Moreover, his words betrayed an entire disregard of several important items of evidence adduced in the course of the trial. Ling's recent movements, including more than one trip to Germany, are well-known to the Nottingham police, and important admissions upon these points were elicited from him in the course of cross-examination. Instead of paying due attention to these serious disclosures, and commending the Chief Constable for his efficient attention to duty, Sir Joseph thought fit to complain, somewhat rudely, of the absence of a prosecuting solicitor. Because no Nottingham lawyer was ready to cross swords with Mr. Parker Woodward, the Chairman peevishly grumbled that "the bench was placed at a little disadvantage"! That they appeared at more than a "little disadvantage" we admit, but this unhappy result was not due to paucity of forensic rhetoric. We do not suggest that either of the Magistrates allowed private or social considerations to warp his judgment, but it is not our fault if their misdirected leniency recoils upon their civic repute.

CARL KAMMERLING'S CUNNING.

GERMHUN'S SCHEME FOR OBTAINING PAYMENT.

We are by no means sure that the two British subjects whom Carl Kammerling, of Elberfeld, Germany, mentions in his circular letter to British clients as being willing to receive moneys on his account, are not thereby liable to prosecution for an attempted evasion of the emergency law as regards making payments to alien enemies. The letter in question is an interesting document beginning:—

> Political uncertainties and war anxieties having stopped all trade and commercial traffic here, it is with deep regret to (*sic*) announce our inability to forward any goods for the present.
>
> We all hope that the uncertain state of affairs will take a more encouraging course very soon, when I shall immediately avail myself of whatever opportunity offers to execute all orders on hand and also further commands. May I ask your indulgence for some little time in order to enable me to meet my obligations will you please pay in due course your account to Mr. Tulloch, or send same to my duly appointed representative Mr. E. J. Waddon, Northfield House, Bridgwater, who is hereby authorised to give you a receipt in discharge? In any case, please make cheques, etc., payable to the order of Mr. E. J. Waddon
>
> Any assistance you can render me in these hard times will not be forgotten . . .

If there is to be any reality in the commercial war which Britain has declared against Germany, this sort of thing must stop. The impudence of the German is beyond all imagining. Not content with plunging Europe into a bloody war without any adequate cause, he must artfully scheme to wheedle money out of the unwilling victims of his brutal ambition. We take the liberty of advising Messrs. J. Tulloch and E. J. Waddon to dissociate themselves from Herr Kammerling's pretty plot to squeeze British gold out of his British debtors during the period of the war, when all such payments are proclaimed illegal.

CHAPPELLS' AND CHARITY.

MUSIC MERCHANTS' JARRING NOTE.

The generosity of stage artistes is proverbial, and in these trying times they are finding many opportunities for charitable service. In these circumstances, we regret to notice the following advertisement, prominently displayed in the columns of a daily newspaper:—

Charity Concerts.

> Messrs. Chappell and Co. (Ltd.) intend loyally to do their best to help artistes through the hard time that lies ahead of them this next season, but they will not be in a position to offer artistes dates who sing at charity concerts got up by irresponsible people to advertise themselves.

The wording of this threat, for it is nothing less, is a little indefinite, but by many clients of the Agency it will doubtless be construed as a general prohibition of charitable effort. There are many concert artistes whose fortunes are largely in the keeping of this firm, and they will hardly dare to ignore its express injunction. This is well expressed by a correspondent, who writes:—

> Let the public realise that, in the face of this announcement, no artiste will dare, in these hard times, to risk his bread and butter, and thus the most fruitfull source of assistance for all kind of relief work will be dried up.

We scarcely think that Messrs. Chappell can have intended any such result. Their scornful reference to "irresponsible persons" rather suggests that they may have had a particular type of "charity concert" in mind. If so, they might well have taken pains to explain their attitude a little more fully. In justice to themselves, and to the musicians and singers upon their books, they should lose no time in clearing the matter up.

"WHAT'S WATSON?"

OUR QUESTION PROMPTLY ANSWERED.

The proceedings at Wolverhampton against the man "Bernard Watson"—whose real name is said to be Edgar Lane Matthews—have resulted in the deposit hunter being sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He had already been twice charged with theft—which, of course, confirms the doubt we expressed regarding his character.

Result of our No. 2 Football Contest. See page 23.

RAILWAY BOOKS.

RICH COMPANY'S GREEDY GAINS.

It is announced that the Railway Companies are to receive ample compensation in respect of Government demands upon their service for the transfer of troops and munitions of war. Not only are they to be paid for the work they have actually done, but their ordinary traffic receipts are to be brought up to last year's level, to obviate the risk of loss. By this generous arrangement, the Government are bearing a good deal more than their fair share of any possible deficit. For the period which it covers, the proposed payment amounts to a general indemnity against war losses, and railway shareholders are thus placed in a highly favourable position as compared with the rest of the trading community. In these circumstances, we have a right to expect that the Companies should extend to the public a measure of the liberal consideration which they are themselves receiving. In several instances which have been brought to our notice this claim appears to require enforcement.

In our issue of September 5th we discussed the case of a reader who, having booked return tickets to Ireland *via* Holyhead and Dublin, was compelled "because of the war" to return by the Kingstown route, paying 29s. in excess fares. It will be remembered that his application to the London and North Western Railway Company for a refund of the money met with a blank refusal. We have since received quite a number of similar complaints, from which it would appear that, on this route alone, the public were quite extensively fleeced. In every instance the Company pleaded the war as an excuse for the non-fulfilment of its contract and for the retention of the return fares, cheerfully ignoring the fact that it would be handsomely paid by the Government for the use of its steamboats. A Birmingham reader, holding London and North Western tickets, was compelled to return from Kingstown by a boat belonging to the City of Dublin Steamship Company. The excess fare amounted to 14s., which he paid upon the strength of an official assurance that the matter would be "put right at the Head Office." Upon application he received the following letter:—

> The case has been fully considered and, whilst regretting the circumstances which caused our boats to be discontinued, we had no control over the matter. As there is no arrangement with the City of Dublin Steamship Company to honour our tickets on their boats, I regret I cannot make any refund.

Another correspondent, who was 30s. out of pocket on his trip, received a precisely similar communication from the superintendent of the line. Determined not to take things "lying down," he replied in terms which we think highly appropriate to the situation. He wrote:—

> I am in receipt of your letter and am much surprised at its contents. I am fully aware that your Company's boats have been commandeered by the Government, but I am perfectly certain they will lose nothing over the transaction, and that the Government will indemnify them against any contracts they may have entered into. Anyhow, I shall be obliged if you will let me know if I may take your letter as the last word on the subject, as if so I intend to communicate with the Treasury, as I mean to see this thing through.

To this spirited challenge the Company has deigned no reply, and from other indications we gather that they are a little uneasy as to their legal obligations in the matter. In one instance, if not more, County Court proceedings are likely to ensue, and the plaintiff has been good enough to submit his "case" for our inspection. On purely legal grounds he has good hopes of success, while his equitable claim is, of course, unanswerable. The London and North Western is not the only Company concerned, though most of the complaints we have received have had reference to their service. Now that the Government have announced their generous intentions, the Companies are robbed of the last vestige of excuse for the mean policy which at a moment of pressure they saw fit to adopt.

Every farthing will, of course, be repaid to them by the Government—which is indeed treating them with extraordinary generosity; for, with the advent of the War, the usual rush of holiday traffic was bound to cease—with the result that, but for the subsidy from the public purse, the Companies would have been heavy losers.

COMMERCIAL SCAVENGERS.

DUBLIN DEBT-COLLECTORS' SHAMEFUL SCREED.

At the beginning of the War an Irish widow was compelled to part with her only son, who was called up for service with the Fleet Reserve. The Government, as yet, makes no provision for mothers dependent upon soldier or sailor sons, and thus, at a stroke, the poor woman was deprived of her sole means of livelihood. The circumstances of her position were widely known, and it was therefore with considerable surprise that three weeks after her son's departure, she received a threatening letter from Messrs. H. G. Gibson and Co., a firm of debt-collectors at Dublin. It had reference to a sum of four shillings, the unpaid balance of her dead husband's debt to an "instalment" firm, and ran:—

> This case has to-day been placed on our Sessions List for Decreeing at Sessions now coming on for your Division, and Civil Bill will be served upon you, unless we receive payment of this account or a substantial part thereof at 24, Eden Quay, Dublin, on or before Monday next.

So far, the letter, though harsh and unfeeling in tone, was not wholly shameful, but, in the next paragraph the writer proceeded, with an utter want of scruple, to threaten entry and distress, for which, obviously, he had no legal warrant:—

> In case of our Solicitors being obliged to take out a Decree against you, Decree will be executed under our supervision and under police protection, if considered necessary, and bailiffs will be despatched to execute, at all hazards, immediately Decree has been obtained. This, as you are aware, will incur an enormous additional expense upon you, so that we suggest, in your own interest that you respond hereto on receipt hereof. This is absolutely final.

This blathering effusion was unsigned, but it bore in typewritten characters the title of the firm, H. G. Gibson and Co., and the initials—F. W. G. It was decked out with the semblance of legal authority and stamped "urgent" in flaming red letters, an inch long. It reached the widow through the halfpenny post, in an envelope open to inspection. She, poor soul, may perhaps have forgotten that Gibson's gang must get an order of the Court before they could come "under police protection" to wreck her little home. The circular did its work, and with four of her last remaining shillings she paid the harpies off. It should be said that the original debt was of far larger amount, and the bulk of it had been paid from the widow's scanty resources. It was solely because her son had gone to fight the King's enemies that she was made acquainted, in this brutal fashion, with the terrors of the law. We are happy to give publicity to the methods of Messrs. H. G. Gibson and Co. Time and again have we protested against the insolent aping by debt-collectors of the forms and processes of law, but we have rarely observed it in a more painful connection. The evil can be dealt with only by the Courts, and in the present instance there seems to be solid ground for their interference. We note that this circular bears in the corner the words "Belfast Solicitor, W. K. Gibson." As such, he is of course an officer of the Supreme Court. Is he a relative of the members of the scavenging firm, and, if so, does he approve of their methods?

"JOHN BULL" BOYS AT THE FRONT.

The ideal paper for the women at home—"Mary Bull." Fridays, 1d.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

The Turkish Envoy, Rustem Bey,
For language indiscreet
Is "fired" from out the U.S.A.—
A punishment most meet.

By Asquith and by Redmond urged,
Like patriots, to enlist,
Pat, of his disaffection purged,
Finds that he can't resist.

To the French soldier's huge delight,
From India's coral strand
Our dusky warriors, full of fight,
Arrive to lend a hand.

The gallant "Die-hards" bravery win
A German general's praise—
They filled his Uhlans (for their sin)
With lead, and with amaze!

Toll for the brave that are no more!
We honour much the dead
Who've died to save their native shore
From the foul Germhun's tread!

Wilhelm's advances are repelled
By Nancy with disdain;
Thinking to see her overwhelmed,
Her conduct gives him pain.

THAT RECRUITING COMMITTEE.

THE GENEALOGY OF THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

How is the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee getting on with its meetings? We observe that its orators are being "briefed" with the usual dose of literature, apparently issued from the office of one of the Party organisations. Here is a specimen of it—too good to be missed:—

CHANNEL OF COMMUNICATION AND CHAIN OF RESPONSIBILITY.

WAR OFFICE.

GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING IN CHIEF OF A COMMAND.

OFFICER COMMANDING A DISTRICT.

OFFICER COMMANDING A REGIMENTAL RECRUITING AREA.

OFFICER IN CHARGE OF A SUB-AREA.

RECRUITER IN OUTLYING VILLAGE.

Now the budding recruits know all about it!

TEN GERMAN ARMY CORPS.

Ten German army corps started from the Rhine,
One got as far as Liége, then there were nine.

Nine German army corps, feeling most elate,
Met Tommy A. at Mons, then there were eight.

Eight German army corps, missioners from heaven,
Lost some guns at Compiegne, then there were seven.

Seven German army corps, playing nasty tricks,
Got sent away from Paris, then there were six.

Six German army corps, feeling half alive,
Stopped to rest beside the Marne, then there were five.

Five German army corps, feeling rather sore,
Were held up on the Aisne, then there were four.

Four German army corps, rattled as could be,
One met some Indians, then there were three.

Three German army corps, not knowing what to do,
Turned tail for Berlin, then there were two.

Two German army corps, fairly on the run,
Went home through Belgium, then there was one.

One German army corps, knowing they were done,
Stopped to curse the Kaiser, then there was none.

R. M.

Every lover of *good* short stories should get "More Tabloid Tales," by Louise Heilgers. 1/- net.

SOLDIERS' FAMILIES WITHOUT RELIEF.

THE MORAL CLAIMS OF THEIR UNMARRIED WIVES.

It is a common, almost a historical, belief on the Continent that we are a nation of hypocrites; in other words, that we do not practise what we preach. And we really are a queer lot. Here we are not only preaching high morals, but have called our men to war for high morals; and our Government officialism is so imbued with its own self-righteousness in fighting for a moral cause that it is starving the dependents of such of its soldiers as have been "living in sin." Women who have lived many years with British soldiers and borne them children without legal marriage are left with the alternative of starvation or the workhouse, while their "husbands" are fighting the battles of their country. This is not only hypocrisy; it is scandalous hypocrisy, with a flavour of the most odorous cant thrown in. True, it is not the hypocrisy of the nation; it is the hypocrisy of the beatific officialdom which acts in the name of the nation. You, a plain man in the street, might think it is sufficient merit and sufficient claim on the practical gratitude of the nation that the bread-winner is risking his life for you and your Empire in bloody trenches, or waiting and working for our home defence till the bugles call him thither. Yet it is not so. The hour when he is bearing rifle and bayonet and suffering, it may be, the din and agonies of such a hell as no other soldier in the history of nations has ever faced, is that chosen to remember his "sin" and forget his service, to refuse in the zeal of holiness any claim to recognition or assistance on the part of his children and the woman whom he has made their mother. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association assume the attitude of the Priest and the Levite of other days, and pass by on the other side. "This is not a case for our Association," they say, "but we would refer you to the Prince of Wales' Fund." Whether on reference to them the officials of that Fund also pass by on the other side, or are the good Samaritan in the case, we do not know; but whether they do or not, we say these are cases for Government provision. The claim—the strong claim—of these illegal wives and illegitimate children is upon the nation. The nation does not care a button for the soldier's "sin" at such a time, but it cares a lot for his sacrifice. Even Nelson, greatest among our great national heroes, had his Emma Hamilton; he was not ashamed to write of her, as in the circumstances he certainly should have been, as "my own dear wife, in my eyes and the face of heaven"; and at the last he recommended her to the care of his country. The soldier's or sailor's illegal wife and illegitimate children can, it is true, enter the workhouse, but we submit that these dependents should be treated by the country in the light in which he regarded them and the spirit in which he was maintaining them when he was called to the colours. The test should be, not "Are you his legal wife?" but "Are you and your children dependent upon him for your means of subsistence?" We put it to Mr. Asquith and Lord Kitchener that, morality or no morality, dependent women and children should have a separation allowance during the war. In the meantime who shall recognise them, who shall succour them? The Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association is too holy and righteous in its charity. Shall we announce that the Committee of the Prince of Wales' Fund have decided that they can, and ought, and will? Or shall we announce that these women and children must starve?

"KILLING PATRIOTISM."

A MISUNDERSTANDING SATISFACTORILY CLEARED UP.

In a paragraph under the above heading in our issue of September 5th we perhaps criticised Mr. Norton Griffiths, M.P., a little too harshly. He had enlisted five hundred men for a Colonial Horse Corps without first getting permission from the War Office. It is natural that some disappointment was felt at the time, but all who failed to get out to the front as mounted men may now join Mr. Norton Griffiths, for he has received permission to form a battalion, or battalions, of Colonials residing in this country—and "Hell-Fire Jack" has proved himself a good man in a tight corner both in Matabeleland and South Africa.

TO HELP THE BELGIANS.

A SOUND AND PRACTICAL SCHEME.

Many schemes are at present on foot for the purpose of assisting the Belgians to repair the losses occasioned by Germany's wicked invasion of their country—apart from the establishment of funds for the temporary relief of sufferers. We have had brought to our notice, however, a project combining both charity and business—we refer to the Anglo-Belgian Commercial and Industrial Corporation, and whose objects are stated to be:—

(1) Obtaining employment for the Belgian refugees.
(2) Advancing funds for the rehabilitation of Belgian business dislocated by the War.
(3) Assisting Belgian manufacturers and companies in the re-erection of factories and installation of plants destroyed in the War.
(4) Establishing and supporting industries in which the special training and experience of Belgians can be utilised in the British Isles.

It is pointed out that the employment of these refugees cannot be carried out successfully by drafting them into occupations already filled by British subjects. Attention is also called to the fact that "large numbers of the mining population are already in England, and their labour can be usefully employed in the operation of lead and tin mines in Cornwall, Devon, and elsewhere, which have been closed owing to the difficulty of obtaining local labour." Reference is further made to the extension of intensive horticulture in the West of England, which opens out a large field of employment for women and the young members of families whose men are otherwise employed. The Corporation also propose to make advances "for the purpose of rehabilitating businesses which have been disorganised by the War on Belgian territory' which should, in the early future, constitute a safe and profitable investment; and a reference to the statistics of Belgian trade would certainly support that view—last year's imports having exceeded £200,000,000, with exports to nearly the same amount. We agree that the greater part of the trade done with Germany might easily be diverted "to the mutual benefit of Great Britain and Belgium"; and altogether the project would appear to be an ideal application of the principle of "philanthropy and five per cent."—to put it on the most moderate scale. We wish it every success. Further details may be obtained from the Secretary, 28, Old Jewry, London.

BUCK UP!

Come, buck up, laddie, quick and get something to do
Now the summons has sounded for all;
Some have put on their khaki and some wear the blue—
Say, then, how will *you* answer the call?

For the greatest and least from each part of the land
Has deserted the cottage and hall,
And when everyone's ready to take up his stand,
Tell me, how will *you* answer the call?

See our sailors and soldiers go marching along
As if nothing else mattered at all,
And they're never downhearted but singing their song—
It's the way that they answer the call.

There are lots of brave nurses for Tommy and Jack,
Nor are surgeons and parsons found slow,
And if some of these faithful ones never come back
There are plenty more waiting to go.

But, whatever your work is, the duty remains
Just to fall into line and obey;
Steady courage and grit are more useful than brains
And we're all of us equal to-day.

For in Kitchener's army it's men that they need
Who are ready to fight till they fall;
They are asking for some of the old British breed—
Are *you* ready to answer the call?

Come, buck up, and be quick, for the time's slipping by
For God's sake and your country's be true;
They are looking for someone to answer the cry
And the man they are wanting is *you!*

H. Anderson Meaden.

An extra £25 Football Prize for a "Mary Bull" mauve coupon. See page 23.

NATIONAL PENNY BANK SMASH.

HOW TO OBTAIN IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

Matters are moving slowly in connection with the affairs of this bank, but depositors now have an opportunity of obtaining some immediate relief. How urgent it is that something be done will appear from the following extracts from a few of the many letters we have received from readers who are in sore straits:—

. . . . I may state that my cousin and I have a joint account there; it's only £46 and two separate small accounts of £4 and £7 respectively, but it represents the whole of our savings for the past few years, and my aunt, an old lady of 80, has £130 there, money she wants to live on.

I know it's hard for small depositors with under £1, but it's equally hard where people have struggled hard to save, and at a time like this when many like myself have lost their berth through the war. . . . (Battersea Park.)

. . . . I am a widow and practically the whole of my life's savings have been deposited there to the extent of about £300. . . . (Kennington Road.)

. . . . I am unfortunately a depositor to the tune of close on £100, and that is every penny hard-earned weekly savings . . . . you can imagine what it means to the likes of us, it means our all. . . . I think it's very hard for the poor young boys and girls, of whom there are a great number. I think they will never have courage to save again. . . . (Marylebone.)

. . . . I am only a poor working woman, and the money I have saved up was only saved by one shilling or two shillings when I could afford it. . . . (Chelsea.)

. . . . They readily received my money, every penny I possess in the world, and close their doors the very next week and I cannot get a farthing . . . . they must have known this crisis was at hand. . . . (Islington.)

And so on.

The position at the time of writing is this: Two petitions, one for voluntary winding-up under supervision of the Court, and the other for compulsory liquidation, are to be heard on Thursday, the hearing having been adjourned from last week. Voluntary winding-up, under supervision, means little more than an ordinary winding-up, that is to say, the realisation of the assets of the Bank and the payment of something to depositors will be at the discretion of the voluntary Liquidator, subject to the approval of the Court. Compulsory liquidation, on the other hand, means that the Official Receiver of the Board of Trade will have charge of the winding-up, that he will investigate the affairs of the Bank, and that the Government will carry into effect their arrangement with the Bank of England to obtain an immediate cash payment of 5s. in the £ for depositors, on account, leaving the realisation of the assets, under the direction of the Court, to produce whatever further payment can be made at a future time.

We are not without hope that, once the affairs of the Bank have been placed in the hands of the Official Receiver, he may be in a position to induce the Government to arrange with the Bank of England to advance a larger dividend than 5s. in the £ to depositors of small amounts; but be this as it may, there should be no hesitation on the part of depositors in supporting the petition for compulsory liquidation, thus ensuring the immediate payment of 5s. in the £ at any rate. This course is the more advisable since the moratorium as regards trade debts and rent will soon end, when depositors will, naturally, require all the money that may be coming to them. Apart from this, as we have pointed out in our previous articles, the conduct of the Bank on the part of the directors should be strictly investigated, and this would be best done by the Official Receiver.

We have advised our readers by post, and we now advise those who have not written to us, to send, immediately, a letter to Messrs. Gisborne, Walford and Co., 13, Copthall Avenue, E.C., who are acting for the petitioner for compulsory winding-up, stating that they are in favour of it. They will incur no expense in the matter and will strengthen the hands of the petitioner and assist the Court in coming to a proper decision. But such letter must be sent at once, so as to reach the solicitors on the evening of to-day (Wednesday).

So far as we are concerned, whatever the Court may decide in the matter, we do not propose to lose sight of this bank and shall be in a position to offer some pertinent comments on its administration in an early issue.

"WAR NEWS."

THRILLING NARRATIVES WRITTEN IN FLEET STREET.

The war correspondent at the front cannot really object to the secrecy compelled by the Press Bureau. Is he not able to write home alleging that he has done the most daring things ever done by a war special since Billy Russell first put his pen to paper in the Crimea and invented the war newspaper man? He can write about his hundred hair-breadth escapes, how he outwitted a company of the German Guard at ——, out-distanced a squadron of Uhlans at ——, was placed under a heavy fire at ——, and did other exciting things at ——, ——, ——, and— before returning to "somewhere in France." Those blanks give him his chance, just as the word-hungry reporters give Tommy the one opportunity in his life to roll out a gory, hair-raising yarn, in the course of which, in his own vernacular, he does not forget to "chance his arm." But how many of our war stories are conceived and written in the purlieus of Fleet Street by scribes whose chief asset is a want of military knowledge? What gunner, for instance, wrote more than a column in which he alleged that he belonged to "L" Battery, Royal Field Artillery? Surely his must have been a R.H.A. battery, since the horse batteries alone are lettered, the field batteries being numbered. Then the British boys who determined to "cinema" the Germans with their maxim gun, and did so, "turning the handle of the gun as the cinema man turns that of his camera"! Who knows of any machine gun that is worked by turning a handle?

People are becoming weary of war "news," and when they turn over their morning sheet they long for the time-honoured reports of fires, murders, police-court doings, and the many other things, the reading of which makes the average life worth living. What daily or evening paper will supply the want? They must not all shout together!

THOSE TICKLING TIRAILLEURS.

"KILLING" KHAKI-CLAD KNOCKABOUTS.

The paragraph in our issue of September 19th with reference to the adventurer describing himself as Colonel Adolph Brezet de Beaufort, who has enrolled a cosmopolitan crowd which he is pleased to call the London Foreign Legion, has had marked effect. Some 300 of these men are in camp at Wembley, existing under such insanitary conditions that the local authorities have intervened, to remove a menace to the civil population. But pending the disbanding of the collection, it seems necessary to utter another word of warning to local residents, from whom Brezet has been cadging money and food. They should not assist this charlatan any further—except by means of their boots. One Wembley man has subscribed £50, yet the poor "troopers" have not received a penny of their pay. These nondescripts parade the streets in the uniform of the British soldier, and, of course, calmly appropriate whatever privileges are accorded the properly enlisted man—such, for instance, as travelling free. We are pleased to say that the eyes of Brezet's victims are being opened, one of his officers having severed his connection with the corps because the adventurer refuses to meet the charge we have brought against him. The local picture palaces seem to be reaping some benefit from the motley crowd, batches standing outside and acting as a "draw" for the public. Others figure in similarly undignified rôles as song and dance artists. It is time the War Office stopped these antics.

THE DESTROYER OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

Curse him at board and curse him in bed,
From the sole of his foot to the crown *on* his head;
Curse him in sleeping that every night
He shall dream of the devil and wake in a fright.
Curse him in eating, curse him in drinking,
Curse him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking,
Curse him in standing, in sitting, in *lying*,
Curse him in walking, in riding, in *?ying*,
Curse him in living, and curse him dying.

JACK DAW.

Result of our No. 2 Football Contest. See page 23.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To General Botha, Premier of the South African Union.

Sir,—Permit me to acclaim the pride of Britain in the self-sacrificing enthusiasm which has induced you to place your great military experience and talents at the service of the King and your adopted country as Chief Commander of the Union Army against the German operations in South Africa. We respected you as a brilliant enemy when we fought you in the long and bitter war; we honoured you when you laid down your hero's sword in the day of peace; we trusted you when, giving liberty to your country in a Union of Briton, Boer, and Freestater, you were elected the Parliamentary leader of its new destinies; and now, thrilling with pride at the accomplishment of what must seem in Germhun eyes an incomprehensible miracle, we salute you under the flag of our common Empire as leader of the South African army. Not yours the lip loyalty of a General Beyers in days of sunshine and all but traitorous desertion in days of storm; not yours to approve the enemies of the King to whom you have sworn allegiance, and to attack with hypocritical and cowardly abuse the Empire to whose magnanimity you and your countrymen owe a partnership in a wider and richer liberty, and a more splendid destiny than Boer or Freestater ever knew. In this, Our Day, he of our Flag who is not with us is against us. With Kitchener in England, French in France, Jellicoe at sea, Botha in South Africa, and the eternal spirit of Right and Justice guiding all, who shall fear the combat, who shall doubt the end? John Bull.

To the Right Hon. John Burns, M.P.

Dear John,—Many thinking people are asking why you left the Cabinet at the gravest possible crisis in our history, and why you now keep silent and do not actively support recruiting. You have always been called "Honest John," so why, in this time of utmost gravity in the Empire's History, do not you come forward—sinking your own views, whatever they may be—and support the Government in its terrible task? John Bull.

To the Right Hon. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P.

Dear F. E.,—So rumour was right all the time, and you are off to the Front! Perhaps you have chosen wisely, and though it will be hard to fill your place, we shall all of us, friends and "foes," unite to wish you Godspeed. Some of us smiled at your "galloping" in Ulster, but we knew you for a born fighter, and it is with no surprise that we find you thirsting for a taste of real war. You could never be really content except in the thick of the battle. By the way, I notice that it was left for your friend Winston to make the first public announcement of your intentions. Not for the first time you shared the platform at a great patriotic meeting; and, I am bound to say, you go splendidly in double harness. Do I discern the first faint shadow of events which are yet to be? John Bull.

To the Rev. G. A. Bennetts, Wesleyan Church, Charlestown, Cornwall.

Rev. Sir,—A number of people resident in the county of Cornwall have drawn my attention to the sermon which you recently delivered, and to your declaration that "there are awful reasons why the judgment of God should fall upon this nation." The most awful reasons which you can think of to justify this bloody chastisement is that we have forced the opium traffic on China, that you have heard shocking bad language in the streets of St. Austell, that the terrible Sabbath-breaking in this country even goes the length of the publication of three War editions of *The Times*, and that unchastity is so flagrant that indecent dresses are flaunted along the streets. Without wasting words upon you, sir, I will tell you plainly that so distorted a perspective, so warped an intelligence, and so pharisaic a perversion are not worth an argument; they merit only contempt. It is shameful that a minister of the Gospel should think such things; it is wicked that he should utter them. John Bull.

To Count Bernstorff, Germhun Ambassador, Washington, U.S.A.

Excellency,—It distresses me to notice that you are angry because of Mr. Winston Churchill's speech at Liverpool; I take note of your remark that, so far as you and the Kaiser are concerned, "all peace talk is now off." You are wise to save your breath to cool your sauerkraut. Declaring that Rheims Cathedral was destroyed by accident, you add, "Imagine the French and English being fortunate enough to invade Germany; they would never hesitate to do similar deeds." The short answer to you on that, Excellency, is that you are a liar—as will be proved on the arranged tour of the Allies through Germany to Berlin. They will neither destroy a cathedral, burgle a mud hut, nor spike a baby. They are civilised warriors, Excellency; it is a serious diplomatic error to judge their probable actions by the accomplished crimes of Germhun savages. Wait and see. John Bull.

To Robert Wallace, Esq., K.C., Chairman, London Licensing Committee.

Sir,—We have agreed to regard the "eleven o'clock rule" as a needful measure of military precaution. As I feared, however, a few tiresome fanatics of the pumpuritan persuasion are already seeking to pervert the regulation to their own ends. Your Committee recently considered a recommendation from the Chief Commissioner of Police—supported by the Home Office—that the Garrick Club, the London Society of Musicians, and the Woolwich Labour Institute should be exempted from the operation of the rule. At the two clubs actors and musicians, and at the Institute Arsenal workers, were accustomed to take their necessarily late meals; but this fact was deemed unworthy of an instant's consideration—despite even *your* appeal. It is a poor patriotism which seizes the occasion of national emergency for the furtherance of private fads. And allow me, in conclusion, to protest against the attempt, to which you are admittedly a party, to take advantage of an emergency Act to smuggle into law permanent restrictions upon liberty. John Bull.

To J. J. Parfitt, Esq., K.C., North Wimbledon.

Dear Mr. Parfitt,—I am ashamed, as I think North Wimbledon ought to be ashamed, of its refusal to leave the cushions in its cosy corners to attend your meeting organised by the local Recruiting Committee, widely announced in the neighbourhood, and arranged at an hour which did not interfere with its enjoyment of coffee and cigarette after dining and wining. As it is, I believe it has earned the distinction of being the only place within his Majesty's dominions where a meeting of the kind has had to be abandoned on account of the apathy and indifference of the community. It is not a creditable reputation to have earned, but there it is; and I will not waste words in characterising it. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P.

Dear Veteran,—For the inspiration of your patriotic speeches the nation stands your debtor, and in the recent tale of stirring events there has been nothing finer than your offer of personal service to your country and your King. "Old as I am," you say, "I can still do a fairly hard day in the saddle, and I have applied for a place on horseback where I can strike a blow for the honour of my country." In the kindliest spirit I remember your seventy-two winters, and wonder if youth can show a finer example of true British pluck—or British breed. John Bull.

To Flight-Lieutenant Collet, Royal Naval Air Service.

Gallant Sir,—Allow me to record my deep admiration of your fine achievement in invading Germany by air. Your successful attack upon the Zeppelin sheds at Düsseldorf was a fitting climax to the brilliant feats which had already made you famous, while the fact that you escaped with your squadron, unscathed, is a further tribute to your wondrous skill. Believe me, the nation has been profoundly thrilled by your gallant deed, the significance of which has been clearly perceived. With a courage which recks naught of peril, you have flung down the gauntlet to the aerial legions of the Kaiser, bidding them to open an honourable combat for the mastery of the air. Britain is proud of you. John Bull.

Now is the time to "Pullet." Have a shot this week. See page 24.

IN THE TOILS.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN NET.

MRS. TOMMY ATKINS.

A CONVERSATION REALLY "HEARD IN THE TRAIN."

(COMMUNICATED.)

The scene was a railway compartment. The day was hot—the carriage was well filled. In one corner sat two women, one nursing a babe at her breast, and a girl of twelve or thereabouts. Opposite was another woman, white-faced, with a strained expression and hollow cheeks that come from want of food. Tidy they all were, clean, and in old-fashioned but nice clothes. Their talk began cautiously. All were going to see their soldier husbands. Their grievance was a common tie. They had all had big fares to pay—5s. 3d. return for Borden, 3s. 9d. return for Aldershot. The white-faced woman was voluble—sometimes hunger makes women loose of tongue.

"It's a blasted shime," she said, "all them Germans are fed and pampered and now we're bringing over hundreds of Belgians to feed and clothe—and us soldiers' wives are destitute. It's the wye with them gentry—they don't care—them and their relief funds—*we* don't get the money. If it wasn't for the soldiers there wouldn't be no gentry. But it's Tommy Atkins' wife and children that pye for it all!"

She paused for breath, and the woman opposite took up the tale—"It's all that blasted swine the Kaiser. I wish I had 'im 'ere—Gaud! he'd pye for it if I got my 'ands on 'im. Them charity ladies that get the money aren't no good—they aren't."

Cold Charity.

The white-faced termagant had found strength. "Charity ladies!"—her scorn was superb—"you listen to me (for the other was talking at full pitch), you listen; this is wot 'appened to me. My man 'adn't no call to go—'e'd a wife and child to keep and 'e listened to them other men talkin, and all soldiers everywhere, and so 'e joined 'em. At first it was orl right—I 'ad my work to go to, but now I get paid 7s. a week 'stead of 12s. I make gut for them hospital things. Then I comes 'ome one day and wot do I find? They've sold me up; everything gone—the bits of washstand broken up in the fireplace and my marriage lines and the biby's certificate there too. That's wot I find—an' why? Cos I'm 5s. behind with the rent—5s.! And me and my man 'ave paid the dirty swine 72 shillings and sixpence altogether. Then the Committee writes to me. 'Mrs. Jones,' they ses, 'come to the Library to-morrow.' Well, I went, and a lady sez to me, 'Well, Mrs. Jones, and wot have you done?'

"'Nothing, marm,' I sez, 'I'm destitute; they've sold up my 'ome.'

"'And where are your marriage lines?' she sez.

"And I shows her them. 'And thank you, Mrs. Jones,' she sez, 'and I'll come round in the morning and see your 'ome.' Well, I was starving, but I said nothing—'adn't I told her I was destitute? Round she comes in the morning. 'Good morning, Mrs Jones,' she sez. 'Good morning, marm,' I sez. 'And is *this* your 'ome, Mrs. Jones?' she sez; 'only one room?' 'Yes, marm,' I sez, 'this is my 'ome.'

"'And 'ave you no bedstead, Mrs. Jones?' she sez. 'No, marm,' I sez, 'they took it away.'

"'Dear me!' she sez. 'Where is your biby's birth certificate? And where's your marriage lines?' she sez. 'And wot did your husband work at before he was a soldier?' she sez. 'And where is he now?' she sez. 'And when are you going to see 'im?' she sez. 'And where's your biby?' she sez. 'And when do you expect to be a mother again?' she sez.

"'Marm,' I sez, 'marm—for Gord's sake don't ask me any more questions,' I sez, 'I ain't fit to answer them in my condition; I'm destitute,' I sez, 'and my husband's gone off to be a soldier, and I've got no pay.' Then she gives me five shillings—five shillings, to me. . . .

"'Marm,' I sez, 'you've asked me 20s. worth of questions, and you see my 'ome and that I'm starving, and you give me 5s.' And I laughed——

"'Are you sure you 'aven't another room somewhere?' she sez.

"'Marm,' I sez, 'I'm not a liar; for Gord's sake go and don't ask me more questions.'" She wiped her eyes furtively and laughed defiantly. "I went down to Woolwich to see my 'usband," she continued, "and 'e was on sentry, and there I waited for three hours, looking like a d——d ass. Then I crept up near 'im, and sez to 'im, 'I'm not goin' to wait any longer.' And 'e whispers, 'Go away'; and I sez, 'Not much; if you can't talk to me I'll talk to you'—but he sez, 'Go away, girl.' And so I went away, for they 'as to do their dooty, 'asn't they? and they mustn't talk to no one. Then a non-commissioned officer sez to me—'Come and 'ave some tea, Mrs. Jones; there's tea over there for soldiers' wives.'

"'Tea,' he sez. Tea!" (she put infinite scorn in her tone).

"So I goes to tea, an' he 'ands me a great basin o' wishy washy stuff—like a puddin' dish. 'Thank you,' I sez, 'thank you, I've washed my feet once.'

The other women laughed; a sergeant and his sweetheart giggled.

The woman with the baby joined in. She had a gentle face, with flushed cheeks and haggard eyes. Her daughter was beside her.

"My man *'ad* to go," she said; "he was a reservist, 21 years' service, and he had to go; and what d'you think they told me—that I ought to have had something put by! I that counts every farthing and makes it go the longest way, and puts down on paper all I do spend, too—and that's more than most people do. I took them the papers and showed them how hard every penny was needed, and they said that I should have laid something by. It's very hard on us," she ended with a sigh, "and 5s. 3d. for a railway ticket means nearly half our money for a week."

The Woman Pays.

The talkative one resumed. "And they looks at us and sez, 'These are good clothes—why don't you sell them?'—and us trying to look respectable. 'Ow can we go untidily dressed among a lot of soldiers—not to say my man wouldn't be ashamed of me if I didn't come neat and clean. My sister's young man gave me this 'at; 'e give it to my sister and sez, 'Give it to Nell, she needs it.'

"We don't want to look like bad women; if we did we'd get all we wanted, and not be destitute! It's the wives that 'ave got to scrape and keep the bit o' 'ome together. The men are all right; they keep and feed them, but we 'ave to suffer. I sez to my man, 'It's a blimed shime'; and 'e only says, 'It'll all come right, my girl, don't you fret. We'll have a nice little 'ome when this is all over.' 'Yes,' I sez, 'you don't 'ave you're 'ome sold up for 5s.; you're out of it,' I sez. 'Now be a good girl,' he sez, 'and don't make a fuss.'" The gentle-faced woman spoke again—"My man sails for France on Wednesday," she said; "I do hope I see him. He said to come was my only chance to see him, and he hoped he wouldn't be on duty anywhere. He couldn't come to meet me. I've got three miles to walk from the station, and perhaps I shan't see him."

She looked at the heavy babe on her lap.

"And maybe he won't come back," she ended, "but we soldiers' wives have to put up with that." "Yes," burst in the voluble lady, "we're only Mrs. Tommy Atkins. We're only the soldiers' wife—*we* don't count"—her face changed. She saw from the window a man in civilian garb—"but Gord strike me dead, I wouldn't be the wife of another!" "No, nor me," chorused the other two, with pride in their faces; ashamed of her eloquence, she pointed her finger at the civilian.

"Look at 'im; 'e ain't got no uniform—'e's a coward 'e is! Gah!"

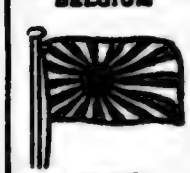
More cash for Football skill. £1,000 to be won. See page 23.

UNION JACK

FRANCE

RUSSIA

BELGIUM


JAPAN

SERVIA

WEAR YOUR FLAG

Wear the Union Jack—show your colours—let the whole world know how proud you are of the British flag. We may not be able to wear the Victoria Cross or the Star of the Garter, but we can all show our loyalty, our enthusiasm, our patriotism by wearing on our breast the flag for which our soldiers and sailors are fighting. The proprietors of **BLACK CAT CIGARETTES** are distributing fifty million "Union Jacks" and flags of our Allies free. One will be found in every packet of

Black Cat

CIGARETTES

MILD, 10 for 3d.—MEDIUM, 10 for 2½d.

that leaves this factory after this date, all ready for pinning on the coat.

Thousands of our soldiers are carrying Black Cat Cigarettes with them for "good luck" (see the "Evening Standard" of Sept. 3).

It's the best Cigarette at the price on the market, and every packet in addition to the flag contains a profit-sharing coupon.

Get a packet of Black Cat Cigarettes to-day—wear the flag it contains, save the coupon for our special announcement in two weeks, and may the "Black Cat" bring you and the country the best of "good luck."

A Smooth Shave

depends on the razor. If your present razor scrapes or drags discard it and get a Selfridge "PERMEDGE"; you will then experience the delight of a smooth, close, velvet-like shave with only a few strokes.

¶ The Selfridge "PERMEDGE" is made from the finest Sheffield Silver Steel, scientifically hollow-ground, and is guaranteed for twelve months (365 smooth shaves guaranteed). Made in three styles for heavy, medium and light beards. Price **3/-**

"Money Back if you're not entirely satisfied."

SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD.,
Oxford Street, London, W.

A. H. WESTWOOD

38, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH,

begs to inform his clients that he is retaining the services of the whole of his staff, and is conducting business as usual. All sportsmen are requested to write for a copy of the "Little Blue Book" containing hints, etc.

HAVE YOU READ

If not get it immediately.

MORE TABLOID TALES

By **Louise Heilgers.**

1/- net.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKSTALLS.

Sword Cutlers to H.M. the King.

WILKINSON SWORD STEEL RAZORS

THE SECRET OF A GOOD RAZOR IS IN THE STEEL.

Wilkinson's razors are made by expert workmen from "SWORD STEEL." Hardened and Tempered by special process.

Wilkinson's "PALL MALL" Strong Beard Safety (new patent) 10/6 has a keen, stiff edge. Many safety razors now being sold are useless for strong beards. Wilkinson's Razors retain their keen edge much longer than any other so-called "best" razor on the market.

Obtained of all Stores, Cutlers, Hairdressers, etc.

INSIST ON HAVING A WILKINSON SWORD STEEL RAZOR AND YOUR SHAVING TROUBLES ARE OVER.

"IT'S THE STEEL THAT DOES IT."

Wilkinson's make all kinds of Razors—

ORDINARY 5/6, 5/6 and 5/9

SAFETY and the THIN BLADE SAFETY 10/6 to 21/-

WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD., 53, PALL MALL LONDON, S.W. FACTORY ACTON W.

SEND FOR LIST

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

WE APPEAL FOR IMMEDIATE HELP FOR THE WIVES AND CHILDREN OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

It gives us great pleasure to say that—thanks to the generous response of our readers to our appeal—we have been able to send immediate relief to many soldiers' wives who had been suffering acute distress. Space prevents our giving details of all these cases, but we select the following as typical:—

A soldier serving in the West Yorkshire Regiment left behind him a wife and four children, the eldest being only 10½ years. At the time of his enlistment he was out of work, and on the day he actually left home his wife and children were without food. During the five weeks that he has been away the poor woman has received only four sums of 7s. each from the Prince of Wales' Fund—which, of course, did not go far with a family of five. Nothing whatever has been paid by the War Office. We have sent her £1, and hope that this will "keep the pot boiling" till Whitehall wakes up.

The wife of a special reservist is unable to obtain the separation allowance for herself and her five little ones, as she could not produce her "marriage lines" and copies of the children's birth certificates. The case was brought to our notice by the curate in charge of a Soldiers' Institute, whose own humble stipend, with many other calls upon it, prevented his aiding pecuniarily. We have sent £1, which will procure the necessary documents and also leave a little for immediate necessities.

A reservist rejoined the colours on August 7th, obtaining leave a fortnight later to get married, in the belief that his wife would receive the separation allowance. On making application, however, the young wife received a cold official letter informing her that "in accordance with Army Orders" she is not entitled to it, as she was married after August 14th. We have sent the poor creature £1, and told her to apply to the Prince of Wales' Fund for further relief. We deal with this matter elsewhere.

A widow, 77 years of age, in receipt of the Old Age Pension, has three sons in the Royal Fusiliers, fighting at the front, and one daughter at home in casual employment. The old lady asked the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association for help, but was told to apply to the parish. Her family have lived in the same district for over 100 years, and this insult was a grievous blow to the poor old woman. We have sent her £2, and hope that before it is all gone different methods of administration will have been adopted by the Association.

A young mother, with a baby seven months old, we found practically starving. As her husband is at the front, she too made application to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association—with more success than the poor old widow, for she has been granted the magnificent sum of 1s. 8d. a week. We have sent her £1 to relieve her immediate necessities—she has received nothing from the War Office.

A deserted wife, left with four children, through force of circumstances became "unofficially attached" to another man. Two more youngsters were born to her by her present "husband," and for several months prior to the war the whole family were practically starving through the man being unemployed. At the outbreak of hostilities he enlisted, ordering the War Office to send the woman practically the whole of his pay. Even this, however, will not keep the family in bread and butter, as, of course, there is no separation allowance. We have sent the poor woman £2.

A reservist played a gallant part in the fighting at Mons. Whilst the battle was actually raging his wife's landlord evicted her because she was in arrears with her rent. As she has four young children, we have given her £2 and will see whether we cannot give the landlord something too.

Another reservist's wife is left with five children—the eldest, a girl of eighteen, earns 4s. a week as a daily domestic servant, while the youngest is only three months old. The landlord has evicted them for owing 19s. 6d. for rent. Two neighbours kindly sheltered the poor destitute creatures and brought their plight to our notice. The husband has been at the front ever since the war broke out, but the woman has received neither separation allowance nor allotment of pay. We are taking up this matter also with the landlord, and have sent the sufferers £2.

The wife of an R.A.M.C. man, who was called to the colours six weeks ago, is also without separation allowance and allotment of pay. She has four children, all under ten years of age. The case was brought to our notice by the Chairman of a small local fund in Yorkshire, who has been allowing the woman 8s. a week, but fears that he will be unable to continue it. We have sent her £2.

The sad case of another "unofficial wife" was brought to our notice by a neighbour. There are three children, and another one is expected. The poor woman is suffering from cancer. The Prince of Wales' Fund are allowing her 5s. a week, and we have sent her £2.

The wife of a man living in the south-east of London, who has joined the Army, is left with six little children, the eldest not yet 11. She has not received a farthing since her husband left her. She writes: "I am, by God's help, trying to keep up till something comes from the War Office." We sincerely hope the woman's prayer will be heard. We have assisted by giving her £2, and have written to the authorities, asking them to "hurry up."

A poor woman, whose husband is out of employment, has seven children—the eldest at the front, the second, aged 15, earning a few shillings a week, and the others of school age. She applied to the Prince of Wales' Fund—the officials of which, after making extensive inquiries, gave her 2s. We have sent them £1, and we think we have put them on the right lines to obtain more adequate relief from the Prince's Fund.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following donations—will *you* send something?

M. D., 1s.; E. T. P., 2s.; D. G., 6d.; W. G., 2s.; J. L., 2s. 6d.; K. P., 1s.; "A Policeman and his Mate," 3s.; A. R., £5; S. M., 2s. 6d.; "Colin Haydn," 1s.; H. F. J., 5s.; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. J., 2s.; "Musselburgh," 1s.; "Two Sympathisers," 2s.; E. R. P., 1s.; "Iyo," 2s. 6d.; T. P., 10s.; M. F., 6d.; "Fair Play," 10s.; A. McC., 2s.; S. C. J., 2s. 6d.; "Odd Coppers," 8d.; "Agnes," pound of tea; C. W. J. B., £2; Gr. J. T., 8s. 6d.; E. P., 2s.; "Nellie B.," 2s.; E. W., 2s. 6d.; "A Girl," 1s.; A. G. J., 10s.; "More Jam," 4s.; F. and E. T., 10s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; T. E. G., 1s.; J. K. (Ontario), 5s.; "A Jewess," parcel; B. H., parcel; "A Loyal Reader," parcel of books; A. E. E., Parcel; "Kirkby," 2s. 6d.; M. T., 5s.; "One of the Unfit," 10s.; W. C. H., £3; M. C., 2s.; "War Prize Winner," 4s. 6d.; "Dolphin," 10s.; F. A. W., £1 1s.; E. A. F., 2s. 6d.; W. D. G., 2s.; A. W. S., 1s.; E. A. S., £1; E. M. G., 10s.; "Little Emily N.," box of chocolates; A. F., 1s.; L. H., 3s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; R. W., £3 12s.; A. C., 5s.; "Chiswick," 3s.; M. E. W., 2s.; F. P., 10s. 6d.; "Edgar and Ivy," 2s.; "Citizen," 10s.; "A Working Girl," 10s.; W. S. P., 1s.; R. S. M., £1 1s.; J. F., 1s.; J. D., 2s.; "A Reader," 2s.; "Well-wisher," 2s.; "Recruit," 2s. 6d.; J. T. F., 4s.; T. R., 2s. 6d.; "Sam," 1s.; "The Employees of C. W. (Limehouse)," 13s.; A. F., 10s.

A 10/6 Gold-nibbed Fountain Pen for every reader. Coupon on page 2 of Cover.

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GREAT INTERNATIONAL PLATE GLASS INSURANCE and CLEANING CO., Ltd.

Fox Court, Holborn, E.C.,

Have always employed very large numbers of **ARMY and NAVY RESERVISTS.** Owing to the above fact no less than **130 OF THEIR STAFF** have joined the army since the war broke out. (Their dependents are receiving a weekly allowance from the above Company.) This huge loss (about 20 per cent. of total employed) may cause delay in attending to some of our customers, who are asked to excuse temporary inconvenience till staff is replaced.

The Smartest Army in the World!

The "CLEMAK" users

enjoy, every morning, a close, quick, comfortable shave. The keen cutting edge of the Clemak Sheffield-steel blades makes shaving a positive pleasure, which the simplicity of the razor enhances. Cleaned in a second stropped in a minute—nothing to remove or adjust.

Obtainable from all Cutlers, Ironmongers, Stores, &c., or post free on receipt of price from the Clemak Razor Co., 17, Hilter Street, London, E.C.
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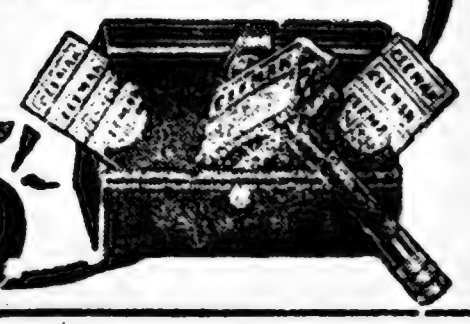

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

JOHN BULL'S VARIETY TURNS.

THE QUAKER.

("*The duty of the Society of Friends is not to govern or defend the realm. . . . We are unable to agree with those who would urge young Friends to enlist.*"—The *Friend*, Official Organ of the Society.)

I often thank my Maker
I was born a little Quaker—
It has saved me so much trouble, don't you see,
For I early learnt the rule
(Long before I went to school)
That fighting is as wicked as can be;
So black eyes I never sported,
For I never once retorted
However much I happened to be teased,
But smiled on boys who hit me,
Pulled my hair, or kicked, or bit me,
Until their wicked persecution ceased.

With such cherubic persistence
I refrained from all resistance
That the bullies soon grew weary of their sport;
But I must say it surprised me
When I found that they despised me,
And called me, with a sneer, "a rotten sort";
But I managed to remember
I must never lose my temper
(That's not the best of rhymes, I will admit),
So it didn't matter how 'ard
They might yell and shout "You coward!"
My placid calm was not disturbed a bit.

Now, at man's estate arriving,
After years of patient striving
To avoid the least suspicion of a row,
I will sometimes, when at leisure,
Look back o'er the years with pleasure,
At the thought that I have never struck a blow!
In security I've flourished,
In Old England's bosom nourished,
And each Sunday to the Meeting I repair,
There to wait the Spirit's moving
To pronounce some words improving
To my fellow quiet Quakers gathered there.

I admonish them, for instance,
To thank God for their existence,
More especially in a favoured land like ours,
Where their conscience is respected,
And their property protected,
By the Law's pervasive and benignant powers;
And I tell them to be grateful
That so much that they think hateful,
Such as helping to defend or run the State,
They've no need to take a part in,
So can sink their mind and heart in
Making sure of Heaven for their after-fate.

But I never try to lead 'em,
To consider how the Freedom
And security they cherish has been won—
How from fights, with rage contested,
British Freedom has been wrested
By ancestors of each living mother's son;
How religion's self would languish
Had not blood, and tears, and anguish
Purchased liberty of conscience for us all—
No, these things I never tell them
Lest the knowledge might impel them—
Heav'n forbid!—to answer to their country's call!

No, let *others* bear the burden—
They are welcome to the guerdon—
For we Quakers are a people set apart;
Though a few regrets might linger,
We would never stir a finger
To defend the Empire, though 'twere "in the cart";
Shedding blood is not our mission,
We prefer the safe position,
And the Spirit moves us to remain at ease,
While the sinful soldier drenches
With his blood the Allies' trenches,
And our Navy guards our food from o'er the seas!

W. M.

SOLDIERS and SAILORS need Handkerchiefs!

Give them EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS.

A genuine, durable and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

UNION JACK and KHAKI STYLES, as well as many other attractive designs.

Sold everywhere at 6½d. each.

Be sure you get EXCELDA.

NOTICE

In addition to its usual useful competition features,

Findon's Weekly. Competitors' Journal

is now publishing exclusive war articles by Mr. Edgar Wallace, the world-famed war correspondent and Mr. B. B. Falk, ex-News Editor of the London "Evening News," an eminent authority upon the personal side of the great campaign.

Order your "Findon's Weekly Competitors' Journal" this week without fail. Obtainable at any of Smith's bookstalls or from newsagents and stationers all over the Kingdom.

EVERY WEDNESDAY - ONE PENNY.

"GALE'S SPECIAL"

'The "SPECIAL" that Pays.'

Guarantees Your Success at NEWMARKET.

During the month of September there have been only thirteen actual racing days owing to the abandonment of various meetings, but during that time "GALE'S SPECIAL" had given no less than

NINETEEN WINNERS,

which have included:—

BARBED WIRE (11 to 2) for the Manchester Nursery Handicap at Manchester.
HIGHFIELD (100 to 8) for the Rous Plate at Doncaster.
LUTEA (8 to 1) for the Mile Nursery Handicap at Alexandra Park.
MOHAGZ (9 to 4) for the Windsor September Handicap at Windsor.

Whilst subscribers to our

SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE
SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE

from

Windsor on Friday

(Sept. 18th), received

LAMPLUGH, 100 to 12 agst, WON.
LAMPLUGH, 100 to 12 agst, WON.
LAMPLUGH, 100 to 12 agst, WON.
LAMPLUGH, 100 to 12 agst, WON.

ANOTHER "GEM" for NEWMARKET!

The usual price of the Editor's Primus Wire is TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS, but in order to relieve the anxieties of sportsmen whose balance is on the wrong side, the Editor will again send his

SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE

from

Newmarket on Friday

upon receipt of

FIVE POUNDS.

The usual charge for the SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE is TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS PER MESSAGE. In no circumstances whatever is more than one selection ever mentioned on this message, and the following is a list of recent wires:—

July 10.—**DESOLATION**, 10 to 1 agst	...	WON
July 15.—**SANDUSKY**, 7 to 1 agst ...	...	WON
July 18.—**REDFERN**, 2 to 1 agst ...	...	WON
July 21.—**ONEIDA II.**, 6 to 1 agst ...	...	WON
July 24.—**LIGHT BRIGADE**, 7 to 2 agst	...	WON
Aug. 29.—**HOUNAM**, evens	...	WON
Sept. 5.—**WILLBROOK**, 5 to 4 agst	...	WON
Sept. 18.—**LAMPLUGH**, 100 to 12 agst	...	WON

POST FIVE POUNDS

for the SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE on Friday next, and secure satisfaction and profit in your Turf investments.

THIS OFFER WILL NOT BE REPEATED.

Note that our ONLY address is:—

"Gale's Special,"

Ruskin Buildings, Birmingham

Telegraphic Address: "WINNERS, Birmingham."

Your Future Depends on YOURSELF

IF the noble efforts and splendid courage of our Army and Navy are to be of the greatest use to our Country, it is essential that those of us who are unable to take our places in the fighting line should keep the wheels of industry and commerce revolving.

YOU must do YOUR part. The first point is: See to it that your job is secure. That each man should, as far as possible, keep his job is of great importance to our country.

On yourself alone it depends whether you keep your position and your future secure during this hour of trial. Think it out and you will see that this is true.

You can qualify for a Secure Position by *training* yourself for a Secure Position. The man whose position and whose future are *always* secure is the trained man, because it is the trained man who is of the greatest value to his employer.

If you are unable to go to the front, why not find out how YOU can acquire the sound, practical and up-to-date training in your work which will enable you to make your job secure, and which, after the War, will help you to build up a successful career? You can acquire such a training, in your own home, at small expense, by the International Correspondence Schools' Method. I.C.S. Students are secure because they are trained men.

Why not write for full particulars? It costs you nothing.

On receipt of a postcard, we will send you full particulars of the I.C.S. Method of Spare Time Training, what it is, how it is conducted, and what it has achieved. Also a copy of the I.C.S. Booklet, which contains valuable practical advice on the chances and prospects for trained men in your own line of work, together with a full syllabus and specimen pages and illustrations from I.C.S. Instruction Papers of the I.C.S. Course best suited to your requirements, and a full account of what I.C.S. Correspondence Training really is, means, and has accomplished. Together with this booklet the testimony of prominent public men and employers, and of I.C.S. students to the practical and PROFITABLE nature of I.C.S. Training.

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(To avoid delay please use our full address.)

Please send me free copy of the I.C.S. Booklet explaining how I can gain, in my spare time, a sound, practical, and up-to-date training in the subject before which I have marked X, and so qualify for a Secure Position and Better Pay.
(There are over 300 Courses to choose from. Please state which branch of the subject you are interested in.)

—Business	—Contracting and Building
—Advertising	—Woodworking
—Engineering	—Mining
—Textile Manufacturing	—Applied Art
—Draughtsmanship	—Languages
—Architecture	—Farming

Branch .....
Present Occupation .....
Position Desired .....
Name .....
Address .....

In time of War Prepare for Peace.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

GENERAL.

J. C. (Fulham).—During the war period we are not awarding our weekly "Biscuit," otherwise we should certainly give one to the *Fulham Chronicle* for speaking about "so much vacant space on the platform" at our meeting. The ludicrous remark is, however, explained by the subsequent reference to themselves as being amongst "those who remained at home."

"A SUBSCRIBER."—A separate account is kept in connection with our "Human Document" Fund, and is independently audited every year.

A. E. L. (Cardiff).—The Government themselves have confessed that Kitchener's recruits have had a very rough time in some places, owing to defective arrangements for their accommodation, and have promised immediate improvement. Therefore your protests (based on a trip through the barracks at Inverness *last May*) against the statements in our paragraph "Tantalising Tommy," are so much hot air. You ought to see the letters we have had from the troops!

"SMOKING PARSON" (Victoria Park) suggests that, instead of sending cigarettes to the soldiers at the front, we should forward "nippers of approved pattern to enable them to cut away the enemy's entanglements." We are afraid, however, that there are too many other "nippers of approved pattern" requiring attention at home. We say nothing of the "entanglements."

B. F. A. (Woolwich).—Your boy in Canada hits the nail on the head when he says, "The Business Government principle is put in force in an emergency like the present; so it is proved that it should always be in force." Give him our love.

"TERROR" (Chelmsford).—Too bad of the parson to refuse the use of the Church room for the Territorial lecture—but there are parsons *and* parsons!

A. B. S. (Newton Abbot).—We have heard from many readers to the effect that Brunner, Mond and Co. control the firm in question, but can find no evidence of the fact. And we must be fair—even to Brunner, Mond and Co.

M. T. (London).—As you will see from an announcement elsewhere, a full report of Mr. Bottomley's speech at the London Opera House may now be obtained for a penny.

ONLY SON (late of Hove) is requested to write home, to allay his mother's anxiety.

J. F. G. (Guildford) and OTHERS.—We have read the letters from the Chairman of Minimax to the financial press, and have also been in correspondence with him ourselves, and think we had better leave the matter where it stands.

A. W. (Camberwell).—Alas! your relative's experience is that of many, and will, we are afraid, continue until the Business Government comes along.

R. S. W. (London).—We are afraid our hands are too full to enable us to entertain the suggestion of organising a corps of cyclists "equipped with rifle and Browning pistol."

L. W. (Gloucester).—Thanks for the two charms, which we have had much pleasure in adding to the Trinket Fund.

J. H. (Middlesbrough).—You must have a bee in your bonnet if you think there is a secret understanding between Russia and Germany detrimental to Britain. You had better ring off if you have nothing more sensible to say to us.

C. L. (Hammersmith).—Of course, the sentence in Messrs. Selfridge's advertisement of their "Permedge" Razors should have read, "Money back if you're *not* entirely satisfied"—a contingency quite unlikely to arise.

J. B. (Glasgow).—The verses you send us, beginning "Kaiser Bill, no doubt, when life ebbs out, Will ride in a golden chariot," &c., &c., did duty for Lloyd George for years, and now scores of readers are sending them in with the Kaiser's name substituted. Yet you tell us they are entirely your own composition! Are you another competitor for the seat of Ananias?

"SUFFRAGE" (London, S.E.).—A people invariably has the government it deserves. When the Germans have developed sufficient intelligence to realise that they are slaves of a military tyranny, perhaps they *will* rise, throw off their chains, and join the free nations of Europe. That, it is to be hoped, will be one of the indirect results of the war.

MRS. LAURE NEEDHAM (Leytonstone, N.E.) would be glad to hear of or from her brother, Arthur Charles Stevens, whom she has not seen for many years. Now, Arthur where are you?

"PYM" (Dunfermline) points out that, according to the Bible, there were nine kings at war in the year 1914 B.C., and now, in 1914 A.D. there are another nine. We haven't much faith in Old Testament chronology, else the coincidence might impress us.

T. C. (Brixton).—Make no mistake, all the able-bodied young men you see about are not shirkers. In thinking so, you are liable to do large numbers of them a very great injustice.

"A WORKMAN" (London, W.).—You sign yourself "A Workman," but you are no British workman. Your German handwriting gives you away. You ask us to work for international peace. That is what we are doing. We are labouring to bring about a peace that shall be dictated *at Berlin*.

J. E. R. (Holloway, N.).—Greater freedom of thought, as well as wider political freedom, must necessarily result from this world war. When the people realise the utter failure of dogmatic and "authorised" religion to prevent the hideous barbarities we now are witnessing, they will clear their minds of cant and readjust their religious beliefs. Life is certainly worth living, if only to watch these tremendous happenings in the course of man's evolution.

"NEMO" (Upper Street, N.).—As you owed Messrs. Drage and Sons less than five pounds you were not entitled to the benefits of the Moratorium. At the same time, it appears to us that they might well have shown a little consideration.

A. J. (Wood Green, N.).—We are sorry to say that a great many important firms who have contributed "generously" to the Prince of Wales' Fund have recouped themselves by discharging numbers of their employees and putting others on short wages. When our Black List of such firms appears, it will astonish and disgust the public.

J. H. (Edinburgh).—We are glad to know your pious observations did not refer especially to the banana harvest. We note, too, that "the omission of one word cut the feet from our Godless comments," and have pleasure in awarding you a Biscuit to eat with the banana we recommend you to partake of.

"BAGGALONIAN" (Carshalton) thinks this is a good opportunity to "resusticate" our lost pencil trade, "of good old Cumberland fame," by refusing pencils made in Bavaria—*and* in Austria, we may add.

H. B. (Oxford).—As was to be expected from one writing from your place of residence, you readily saw through Lester's trick. You have doubtless since read our exposure of the rascal. Your postal orders for 1s. have been placed to our War Relief Fund—thanks.

"ENQUIRER" (London).—It is impossible for anybody handling copies to retain for themselves those bearing "correct numbers"—as the guinea-carriers are not announced until the following week.

"JANETTA" (Edinburgh).—Mr. Carnegie is at liberty to believe that the Kaiser is more sinned against than sinning. We are content to judge his Satanic Majesty by his speeches of these last twenty years.

H. W. G. (Northampton).—We suppose that Herr Gottschalk, the unnaturalised German manager of the Nottingham tramways, still occupies that position. No information has reached us to the contrary.

T. R. C. (Hemel Hempstead).—Your landlord has selected an unfortunate time to try and get you out of the house.

"VERITAS" (King Street).—The National Penny Bank smash is, in our opinion, due to the incapacity of the directorate, and, as we have already said, they should be called to account.

G. W. F. (S. Hackney).—"The Kaiser's Dream: I'll be the monarch of all I survey, And I mean to survey all there is, I will make every nation on earth own me king, And the devil shall help me in this." What a horrible shock he will have when he wakes up!

Look out next week for further announcement of "John Bull's" *marvellous* Portfolio.

MRS. F. (Brixton).—We quite agree "it is very unfair that an Army reservist's wife should receive separation pay and a Navy man's wife nothing at all." This is precisely why the state of things is to be altered.

J. P. (Bournemouth).—"Take the muzzle off the Lion, Let him have a go. Is the Kaiser going to rule Britain? That's what we want to know. Whisper 'German bully' to him, And at his chain he'd pull. It's what she's wanted for years and years, Is old John Bull." Sentiments lovely; but the rhythm has got corns and bunions.

"EASTBOURNE."—We note the view of the *Contractor's Chronicle* that "a great commercial man, and not a politician, should be President of the Board of Trade." As you say, our Business Government ideas are beginning to boom.

P. A. W. B. (Upton Manor).—We cannot tell you the percentage of Jews in the British Army. The "discovery of documents" would take up too much of our time.

A. R. (Leyton).—A lot of ideas for recruiting have been, and are, "a disgraceful insult to the young men of England." We shall presently drop on one or two of the firms and people concerned like a shell from a German 17 in. siege gun.

"DEBARRED" (Earlsfield).—We believe your idea of "making something of recruits rejected" is being considered by the War Office.

H. L. S. (Hamilton) is "under the impression" that reservist members of the Glasgow Police Force have been called on to resign, with the object of depriving their wives and families of half-pay while away. Surely he is mistaken?

"MUG II" (Nilgiris, Ltd.).—We note that the reason given by dealers in the Calcutta Bazaar for the price going up is that "fish has left the sea at Calcutta on account of the capital being transferred to Delhi." Fishy, isn't it?

J. C. K. (Moss Side) complains that a policeman crawled on all fours towards himself and a lady while they were seated on the grass just outside the town when it was rather dark. Life is full of surprises.

"ONE OF THE BULLS" (London, W.).—We think no German should be employed in this country whose place could be equally filled by a British subject.

"OLD SOLDIER" (Urmston) suggests that *after* this war is over every German should be branded in a suitable manner. They are already branded with infamy.

T. G. L. (Bristol).—Your little squabble with the Bristol Tramway Co. is really too trivial for us to deal with in such stirring times as these.

H. B. (Radlett).—"Dr." Orlando Miller, of Spring Grove House, Isleworth, may, in his lectures, and in your opinion, expound "splendid teaching." We do not quarrel with his preaching, knowing nothing about it. It's his *practice* we are up against, as you must have seen from our remarks in JOHN BULL of August 29th.

SAPPER PETER M. LONDON (St. Mary's Barracks, Chatham) lost a cylindrical tin case, about 12 in. long and 1¼ in. diameter, containing valuable references, while travelling between Glasgow and Euston on the night of September 1st. He will be glad to reward the person who returns it to him.

W. P. (Cannock Wood).—We cannot deal with the question of the dismissed choirman unless the original letters and names and addresses of the persons concerned are laid before us.

A. W. (Faversham).—The splendid crop, the great demand, and the big prices obtained for English hops this season should enable the pickers to earn more than usual. Those employers who do not permit this can only be characterised as selfish. We are seriously inclined to give up our daily half-pint as a protest.

MRS. T. (Wakefield).—It would be useless to announce in our pages that you had a child's caul for sale. JOHN BULL readers have no faith in the alleged lucky properties of a dried membrane. For our own part, as you may judge from a recent paragraph, we would as lief cherish a sloughed sausage skin.

"PIS ALLER" (London, S.W.).—Doubtless there are a great number of insurance agents who would gladly join Kitchener's Army if the companies they represent would agree to pay them half-wages during the period of their service. But the same thing applies to hundreds of other trades, professions, and occupations.

L. P. (Hastings).—You are wrong in classing Ben Tillett with "Kur" Hardie. The former is a *man*. The latter is—what we call him.

G. F. S. (11th Asylum, Epsom).—Your address renders comment upon your communication unnecessary.

H. R. (Richmond).—We cannot prevent the builder for whom you work reducing your wages by 4s. a week "owing to the war." What has your Trade Union to say about it?

"TRINGITE," and OTHERS.—Thanks for information *re* identity of Mr. A. J. Dawe, the writer of an article in a contemporary to which we recently referred.

G. S. (Bermondsey).—Jews who think their nationality excuses them from joining the Army make a great mistake. Moreover, sheer gratitude should impel as many as can to fight for the Old Country, where they live in security under just and equal laws—conditions to be found in few other countries in the world. We are glad to say that the great majority of the "Chosen People" share our opinion—and a good proportion are serving in the ranks.

W. E. AND 22 OTHER TROOPS.—We presume that the reason why the manager of your regimental coffee-bar charges the troops 1½d. for what can be bought outside for 1d., and has fancy prices for foreign matches, is because he or his boss has been bitten by the "get rich quick" bug, and, like a noble patriot, is taking advantage of present opportunities.

"DISGUSTED" (Southampton).—The essence of the above reply to W. E. applies also to your grievance concerning the contractor who supplies the troops in Southampton Docks. We identify ourselves with your *nom de plume*.

"65 PASSENGERS" (Melbourne).—Your description of the third class accommodation on board the s.s. *Hawke's Bay* is so vivid that it nearly made us sick. For £14 per head you were entitled to decency, if not comfort.

G. G. (Westhoughton).—Let your local un-worthy spout as much unpatriotic piffle as he pleases. It will injure nobody but himself.

U. S. S. (Shelton). On the face of it, your wife appears to have received very arbitrary treatment from the Royal Co-operative Approved Society, of Birmingham. To withhold sickness benefit from her for weeks, in the face of doctors' certificates, is tantamount to a charge of malingering, and complicity on the part of the panel doctor. Tell your M.P. the story. Otherwise, appeal to the Insurance Commissioners.

K. B. (London, W.).—Perhaps the dismissal of so many of its principal employees by the Primrose League is a sign that the association sees the end of "Party" approaching, and intends shortly to close down. But even then it seems strange, and far from patriotic, that married men should be discharged at such a time as this.

A. R. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We can understand jewellers being hard hit by the war, but that is no excuse for a big firm dismissing four employees from one of their branches, and *then* appealing to the public to help them to keep their workmen employed, offering as an inducement a discount of 4s. in the £ off marked prices.

MRS. J. F. (St. Leonard's).—Inquire of the Secretary, British Legation, Santiago, Chili, concerning your long silent brother.

H. I. C. (Folkestone).—We strongly advise you to pay no fees in advance to the West End paying guest agency you refer to.

C. S. (Merton Park), S.W.).—Cannot trace your complaint concerning a Mr. Boon. Come again.

F. M. (Khanspur, Ind.).—Glad you are proof against the alluring letters of the Universal Supply Co., of 112, High Street, Portsmouth. In vain is the net spread in sight of any bird.

J. T. (H.M.S. *Columbine*).—We were a little incredulous when we read the advertisement: "HOTEL.—Two experienced platemen required for first-class hotel; must be able to show first-class references; wages, 15s. to £1 yearly." But then we noticed that it had been cut from a Scottish newspaper.

J. W. B. (Hartlepool).—Giving your JOHN BULLS for the last two years to your local Territorials was a very worthy and highly intelligent action

P. K. F. (Bombay).—So "Professor" Elmer E. Knowles is hunting for victims in India. Do not let this Yankee sharper persuade you to send him £2 for his "Complete System of Personal Influence and Healing." If you do, it will merely show that *his* personal influence is stronger than your discretion.

"PRO BONO PUBLICO."—Sorry we cannot oblige. If you will send your name and address we will return the postal order; or shall we hand it over to our War Relief Fund?

"ANON."—"John Bull, who is the unknown King, Playing his part while others quarrel and fight Is he the genius the Prophets said would come, And the world is looking for to make this earth like heaven?" Not 'arf!

"REGULAR READER" (Leeds).—The Early Closing Association, of 21, New Bridge Street, E.C., is, of course, quite genuine. The Holiday Share Out Association, of 3, Tudor Street, E.C., we know nothing about.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Owing to the closing of the Stock Exchange and the great pressure on our space by other matter, we are this week compelled to hold over our City Notes and Legal, Financial and Insurance Letter Bag. Inquiries on these subjects, when accompanied by the usual shilling postal order, will be answered by letter.

Another £1,000 for a Football forecast this week. See page 23.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

Small Boy (*pointing to placard on platform*): Look, father, "Another five——." Father, 'ow many is a five an' five oughts?

Father: Five 'undred tharsand. Don't they learn you thet et school? Wot do I pay a penny a week fur yore edgercashun fur?

Small Boy: I 'aven't got up to big numbers like that yet. Look, father, it ses "Another five 'undred thousand men wanted." That's a lot, ain't it, father?

Father: Pooh! They'll get 'em orl right. An' twice es menny more if they want 'em.

Small Boy: Wot's a fossil, father?

Father: Eh? Wot's a wot?

Small Boy: A fossil.

Father: Oh, *I* know wot yer drivin' at. W'ere jer learn thet? A fossil's som think that ain't no good, like—a bit of stone, or suthink.

Small Boy: Kitchener won't 'ave no ole fossils, will 'e, father?

Father: Not 'im! Ha, ha!

Small Boy: Are you sorry you can't join, father, or glad?

Father: Wot's thet? Carn't join? 'Oo ses I carn't join? W'y, they'd be on'y too glad to 'ave me.

Small Boy: No you couldn't, 'cos I 'eard mother say if you wasn't an' ole fossil you'd join the Army an' do a bit fur yore country.

Father (*reddening darkly*): 'Old jer tongue, will yer! You must 'ave bin dreamin'.

Small Boy: No I wosn't!

Father (*crossly*): Then 'old jer noise! Nice thing it 'ud be fur you an' yer muther if I wos ter join, *I* tell yer!

Small Boy: Thet's wot mother sed.

Father (*complacently*): An' she's erbart right.

Small Boy: Yes; she sed she'd 'ave more to do with.

Father (*sharply*): Eh? She sed wot?

Small Boy: She sed she'd 'ave more to do with. She sed she'd 'ave 'arf yore wages, accordin' to wot yore guv'ner's promised, an' the seperashun allowance from the Wore Office.

Father (*savagely*): *Will* you 'old jer tongue, I tell yer?

Small Boy (*whimpering*): But chew *orsked* me wot she sed.

Father (*shouting*): She never sed it!

Small Boy (*crying*): Yes she did! She sed, insteder you givin' 'er nex' ter nuthink an' spendin' the rest on booze an' 'orses, she'd 'ave erbout thirty bob a week to keep us both on. She—she *did!*

Father (*looking shamefacedly round the compartment*): Ere, 'old thet rar. Wotcher gotter cry fur? Yer mother was jokin' w'en she sed orl thet.

Small Boy: No she wosn't! She sed it to the rent man w'en 'e started bein' cross with 'er fur not payin'! 'E sed "You didn't oughter be in arrears. It ain't es if yore usban' wos gorn to the front."

Father (*quietly, but furiously*): Shut yer marth, I tell yer!

Small Boy (*after a long silence*): Father?

Father: Wot's it nar?

Small Boy: I didn't know a mouse 'ad enny pluck, did jew, father?

Father: Eh?—No more they 'aven't.

Small Boy: But they must 'ave, or mother wouldn't 'ave sed you 'adn't got the pluck of a mouse, would she?

Father (*turning pale*): Oh, she sed thet, did she? You'll be able to tell 'er diff'rent w'en you git 'ome.

Small Boy: W'y, ain't chew comin' 'ome too, father?

Father: On'y as fur as the stashun. I'll buy you a bit o' choc'late w'en we get there.

Small Boy: *W'y* ain't chew comin' 'ome, father?

Father: 'Cos I'm goin' ter be one o' Kitchener's new five 'undred tharsand. You kin tell yer mother I've joined ter-day.

Small Boy: Then you *ain't* an' old fossil, father?

Father: Yer mother won't think so w'en she sees me in khaki.

Small Boy: W'y are you goin' ter join, father—so's you can kill the Germans?

Father: Yuss—an' *so's yer mother kin 'ave a bit more to do wiv.* Tell 'er *thet.* 'Ere we aw. Mind ar yer git darn.

LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

BACK!

Back to your kennel, hound!
Back in disorder!
Never again be found
This side the border;
Hence, ye unholy horde,
You are on sacred ground;
Give way before the sword—
Back to your kennel, hound!
You dared to ape the great,
Prated of culture,
Dreamed of an all-world state,
Swooped like a vulture—
Planned to impose your yoke
On unoffending folk,
Who turned and spurned you;
Your frantic scheme they broke—
What has it earned you?
You, in your lawless mood,
Mad with the lust for blood,
Knee-deep in ruin stood,
Drunken with plunder;
Laughing like bestial sot,
While your fiend fire, red-hot,
Burned palace, hall and cot,
Rent roofs asunder;
Glorious spires that rise,
Pointing towards the skies,
Offend your odious eyes;
These ye have riven
From sight of heaven;
Temples that saints have trod,
Built in the love of God,
Doomed by a brutal nod,
Fell to *your* thunder!
Through the dread night and day,
Women have knelt to pray
That ye who burn and slay
Might overlook them,
But, in your frenzy wild,
Matron and maiden mild
You have bruised and defiled,
Dead in bare heaps you piled,
Women and man and child,
Slain as you took them;
Deeds of uncounted evil,
Through which you rode in revel,
Done, not by man, but devil—
Heaven shall book them!
Fields that were ripe with grain,
Ploughed by your iron train,
Watered with blood like rain,
Stagnate around you;
Villages void of men,
Blotted from mortal ken,
Claim but stark justice when
Vengeance has found you,
When, as all tyrants must,
Your crest shall bite the dust,
When you shall rue the sin
That through long weeks has in
Delirium bound you.
Crazed, you have run your ways
To the wild world's amaze,
Narrowing are the days
Ere fate in full repays—
Ponder, you whelp, you!
Think of the dark deeds done,
Know that your course is run,
Yours is the setting sun—
Think! and God help you!
Back to your kennel, hound!
Back in disorder!
Never again be found
This side the border;
Hence, ye unholy horde,
You are on sacred ground;
Give way before the sword—
Back to your kennel, hound!

Ricardo.

Result of our No. 2 Football Contest. See page 23.

MORE CASH FOR FOOTBALL SKILL.

Another £1,000 NEW FOOTBALL CONTEST FOR ALL CORRECT

HOME AND AWAY WINS AND DRAWS

Seeing that the Football League fixtures are being carried out, we have decided to continue our contests. This week we again offer the huge sum of £1,000 for an all-correct coupon, with a big must-be-won cash prize. In addition we are offering a special *extra* £25 prize for a *Mary Bull* Mauve coupon.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast the results of the League games, to be played on Saturday, October 17th, given on the entrance form on page 2 of our cover. Note the special method of marking your forecasts, as explained on the coupon.

£1,000 FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending in an entrance form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish.

COUPON and Rules on PAGE 2 of COVER.

Should no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, £100 will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, even if only 8 or 10.

In addition we shall pay an extra £25 cash prize for the most correct forecast sent on a "Mary Bull" mauve coupon. Thus in any event **£125 must be won.**

£25 "MAUVE" COUPON PRIZE.

By using a "Mary Bull" **mauve** coupon, you have the opportunity of winning not only the £1,000 or the £100, but an **extra £25.** Should a mauve coupon win, or share the £1,000 or £100, the £25 will be awarded to the sender of the **next** best mauve coupon. The mauve coupon will be found in this week's "Mary Bull" on sale Friday, October 2nd.

Address "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Football Contest No. 4."

The closing date is Friday, October 16th.

DON'T DELAY! SEND YOUR ENTRIES EARLY.

Printer's Pie.

"FREE PRESS" (Cork):—

"THE TRIPE ENTENTE: The convention between the members of the TRIPE ENTENTE not to make peace without mutual consent, has produced profound and salutary effects in Italy."

"NORTH WALES WEEKLY NEWS":—

"Sergeant Ben Owen, of Glan Conway, who has made several SUCCESSFUL attempts to rejoin the colours in his rank, has now ENLISTED in Kitchener's Army."

"DAILY MAIL":—

"I could not enter, for the DESERTED square was OCCUPIED by three French Territorial soldiers."

"CHRISTIAN NOVELS":—

"Mark Elton . . . died BEFORE his marriage with Miss Lorraine."

"THE CITIZEN" advertisement:—

"Wanted carter, five HORSES; son able to MILK FIVE; good house and garden."

"EASTERN DAILY EXPRESS":—

"The Grand Sefton Steeplechase did NOT close and is RE-OPENED."

"EVENING SUN" (New York):—

"Four persons were instantly killed . . . when an automobile driven by Dr. Matthew S. Borden, the wealthy millowner, who DIED ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO, crashed into a freight engine—early to-day."

"DAILY CHRONICLE" advertisement:—

"Butchers. Wanted young man, to do round and KILL SMALL THINGS."

"DERBYSHIRE TIMES":—

"When he first noticed the child she was standing on the pavement. Without looking round she darted unexpectedly across the road. To try and avoid MISSING her he swerved the car towards the pavement."

Racing Notes.

In the Jockey Club Stakes, our fancy is BIRLINGHAM.

To-morrow (Thursday) the best thing appears to be X-Ray for the Thursday Nursery. CHANCELLOR II. looks well for the Clare Welter, and if HARMONICON is kept for the Snailwell Stakes he should win.

On Friday, the unnamed handicap of 400 sovs. should be won by LANCELOT. That very difficult race, the Ditch Mile Nursery, presents its usual open appearance, but an each way investment on LUTEA ought to prove profitable. FRIAR MARCUS* runs for the Rous Memorial, and must be marked down as the best thing of the week.

At Alexandra Park, probable winners are ROYAL WEAVER for the Tottenham Plate; VALONA for the Featherweight T.Y.O. Plate; DUKE OF TIPPERARY for the Hornsey Handicap; REYNELLA for the October Nursery; MOFAT for the Mile Selling, and JARNAC II for the chief race.

RESULT OF OUR SECOND FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

Nobody correctly forecast six Away Winning Teams. Forty competitors (including senders of *Mary Bull* mauve coupons), gave correctly five Away Winning Teams, and therefore share the £250 prize, each receiving £6 5s. A list of the prizewinners may be seen at our office, or will be forwarded to anyone sending a penny stamp to defray postage.

A bright football paper has come to lighten the Saturday evening gloom of London. It is the *Football Sun*, sold at a ha'penny, and assured of success if for no other reason than that it is the only football paper published in the metropolis. Naturally it has the sole call on the services of the very best writers, and this fact guarantees football fare of excellent quality. Buy it next Saturday.

BIGGEST PRIZES!

"BULLETS" PRIZES ARE THE BIGGEST AND BEST.

1st Prize **£250** **1st Prize**

£250 1st Prize.

TEN WAR PRIZES OF £20 each

100 Prizes of 10/-

10 Prizes of £2 10 | **1,000 Handsome Prizes** | **200 Prizes of 5/-**

Bullets can be constructed only from any of these 30 Examples.

MAKING SLOW PROGRESS	SIEGE WARFARE	IGNORING THE CHALLENGE	ROAD HOGS	KRUPP'S WORKS
AMAZING EXPLOIT	A COUNTER ATTACK	SOLDIER'S STORY	SEARCHING OPERATIONS	GOOD COMPANY
GENERAL VON KLUCK	WASTING POWDER	IN THE KITCHEN	THE GOOSE STEP	A PRINCELY OFFER
WHAT TOMMY SAYS	A SWEET THING	THRASHING MACHINE	CORDIAL GREETING	FIRM ATTITUDE
GERMAN CULTURE	FRENCH LEGIONS	A DRAWN GAME	BARBAROUS CHARGES	KING OF BEASTS
BENEATH THE SURFACE	MOTHER'S CONSENT	GALLANT OFFICERS	WORTH WAITING FOR	THINKING OF HOME

BEST PRIZE OFFER OF ANY PAPER

Closing date, Thursday, October 8th

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

105) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.
This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Mary Bull," dated October 10th.

Closing date, Thursday, October 8th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

105) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 105," "JOHN BULL," LOVE ALLEY, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

FOR RESULT OF COMPETITION 102 See Page Opposite.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our thirty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example, "COLONIAL GREETING," and take the letters "T" and "E" using the word "Seldom" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet, "TALLYMAN SELDOM RECEIVES." From the example, "GOOD COMPANY," the Bullet, "GENERALLY APPRECIATED," can be formed. Again, if you choose the example, "WORTH WAITING FOR," using the letter "G" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet, "GENEROUS UNCLE'S GIFT."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE FOUND IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 24th, 1914.

RESULT OF 102ND BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mrs. J. LOFTHOUSE,
14, Wadsworth Street,
Bleackley, Manchester.

Example:—THE MAILED FIST.
Bullet:—IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH.

10 WAR PRIZES OF £20 EACH:

Mr. H. T. CORBIN, 59, Throstle Nest Avenue, Wigan, Lancs.
MRS. TOMMY ATKINS—RECEIVING "POOR" RELIEF.
Mr. H. G. CLARKE, 63, Gt. Hampton Street, Birmingham:
THE MAILED FIST—DISREGARDS "KIDS" ENTIRELY.
MISTANCE THURSBY, 14, Henrietta Street, Old Trafford, Manchester:
RISKY GAME—KEEPING "COMMUNICATIONS" SOMETIMES.
Mr. J. H. NETHERTON, 1, Harbour View, Fowey, Cornwall:
NOT EASILY MATCHED—THE CENTENARIAN MEMORY.
Mr. H. L. DYSON, The Gates, Anlaby Road, Hull:
THE MAILED FIST—"FLOURISHING" ITS FAILING.
Miss M. FEIST, 57, Hartley Road, West Croydon, London:
OUR GENERAL—EFFECTS "DAY OFF."
Mr. R. WINGRAVE, 6, Colin Road, Luton, Beds.:
TRAVELLING ALONE—AMATEUR PIANIST'S ACCOMPANIMENT.
Mr. OSWALD ROGERSON, St. Moritz, Clarendon Road, Eccles, Lancs.:
NEVER AT FAULT—FIRST HUSBAND'S LANGUAGE.
Mr. ERNEST MADGE, Studio, Morriston, Swansea, Wales:
COSTLY ACTION—INVARIABLY THE "GASE."
Mr. FRANCIS MONTAGUE BURKE, 38, Cromwell Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.:
A BIG BLOT—AN "IMPRESSIONIST" LANDSCAPE.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

Mr. LIVINGSTON FORSYTH, 20, Union Terrace, Mossend, Lanarkshire:
OUR GENERAL—"UNAPPROACHABLE" WHEN RETIRING.
Mr. LIONEL THOMAS, 41, Tressillian Road, Brockley, S.E.:
TRUE PATRIOTS—PULLING UP "SLACKS."
Mr. W. A. GORDON, 23, Percy Circus, Great Percy Street, London, W.C.,
HARBOURING THE ENEMY—MADAME TUSSAUD'S EVENTUALLY.
Mrs. BRIGHTON, 129, Medway Road, Gillingham, Kent:
STRICTLY PROHIBITED—THEN EVE SUCCUMBS.
Mrs. S. BARRADELL, 23, Paton Street, Leicester:
A BIG BLOT—LONDON'S PENNY BANK.
Mr. GEO. LAWSON, 12, McPherson Street, Glasgow:
RISKY GAME—APPLAUDING VISITING ELEVEN.
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JOHN BULL LIMITED No 2
M £250-0-0

The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. G. Cleveley, 269, City-rd., London, E.C., from Wednesday, September 30, and at those of Mr. H. Hastie, 107, Old-st., London, E.C., from Monday, October 5.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at Wright's Pictures, East-rd. Cinema, East-rd., London, E.C.

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ROBSON, M., Mrs., 14, Firwood Terrace, Ferryhill, Co. Durham.
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TAYLOR, F. O., 22, Shakespeare Street, Hove, Brighton.
THOMPSON, J., 317, Fletcher Road, Preston.
THORPE, A., Mrs., 5, Joule Street, Moston, Manchester.
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WHITE, A. C., Florence Villas, 119, Stanley Road, Ilford, Essex.
WILSON, G., 14, Annfield Street, Dundee.
WILLIAMSON, J. S., 35a, Sandgate, Ayr.
WOOD, F. K., 6, St. Peter's Road, Wisbech, Cambs
WOOD, Mr., 89, Dame Dorothy Street, Sunderland, Co. Durham.
YOUNG, T., 57a, Back Robinson Street, Blaydon, Durham.

Selection from 200 Prize-Winners of 5s. each.

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JAMES, R. L., 27, Church Street, Pembroke Dock, South Wales.
JEAL, W. J., The Square, Penryn, near Falmouth.
JENNINGS, S. (Mrs.), 31, Balfour Road, Poulton, Wallasey.
JONES, T. H., 1, Forest Road, Pontardulais, Carm.
JONES, B. (Mrs.), 117, Winterbourne Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
JONES, R. E., 12, Portland Place, Cheltenham.
JOWETT, J., 10, St. John Street, Longsight, Manchester.
KERR, R. M., 8, North Road, East Boldon, Durham.
KILLENS, J. B. 28, Berkeley Road, Manor Park, E.
LAMB, B. D., (Miss), 30, Market Square, Duns.
LEIGH (Pte. H.), 10724, Reservist, G. Coy. Gordons, Torry Fort, Aberdeen.
LEISHMAN, T. T., Hawthornbean, Polmont Falkirk.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide any prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 24, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date——— sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, October 8th.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our Special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they consider sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

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Large and comfortable Easy Chair, beautifully upholstered and covered in tapestry or cretonne. £2 2s. 6d.

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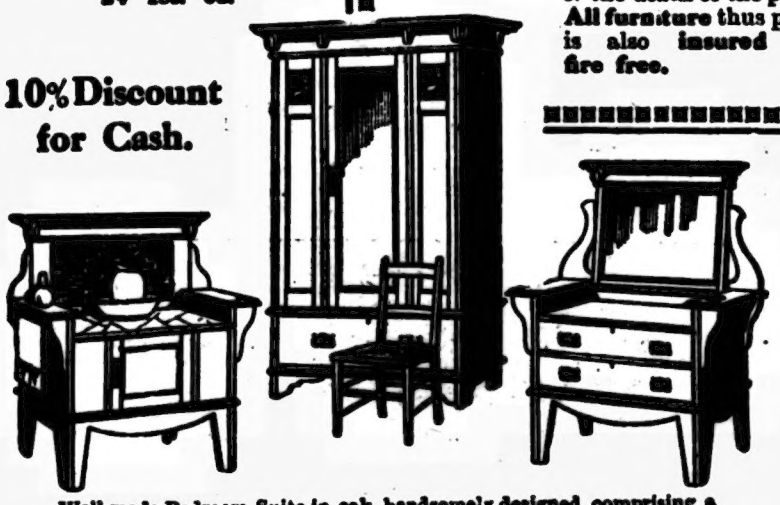

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